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ROBINSON CRUSOE

BY DANIEL DEFOE

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ROBINSON CRUSOE

by DANIEL DEFOE

Illustrated by
STANLEY MAXWELL

THESE PAGES ARE FROM THE DIARY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE
WHO SPENT 28 YEARS ON A DESERTED ISLAND - 28 ADVENTUROUS YEARS...

Stay home, my son. A sailor's life is a dangerous one.

It is too late. I have already signed for a voyage. I am leaving tonight.

EVER SINCE I COULD REMEMBER, I HAD ALWAYS WANTED TO GO TO SEA. MY FATHER DID HIS BEST TO DISCOURAGE ME.

Do not worry, father. I will be back in six months. Just one voyage, I promise.

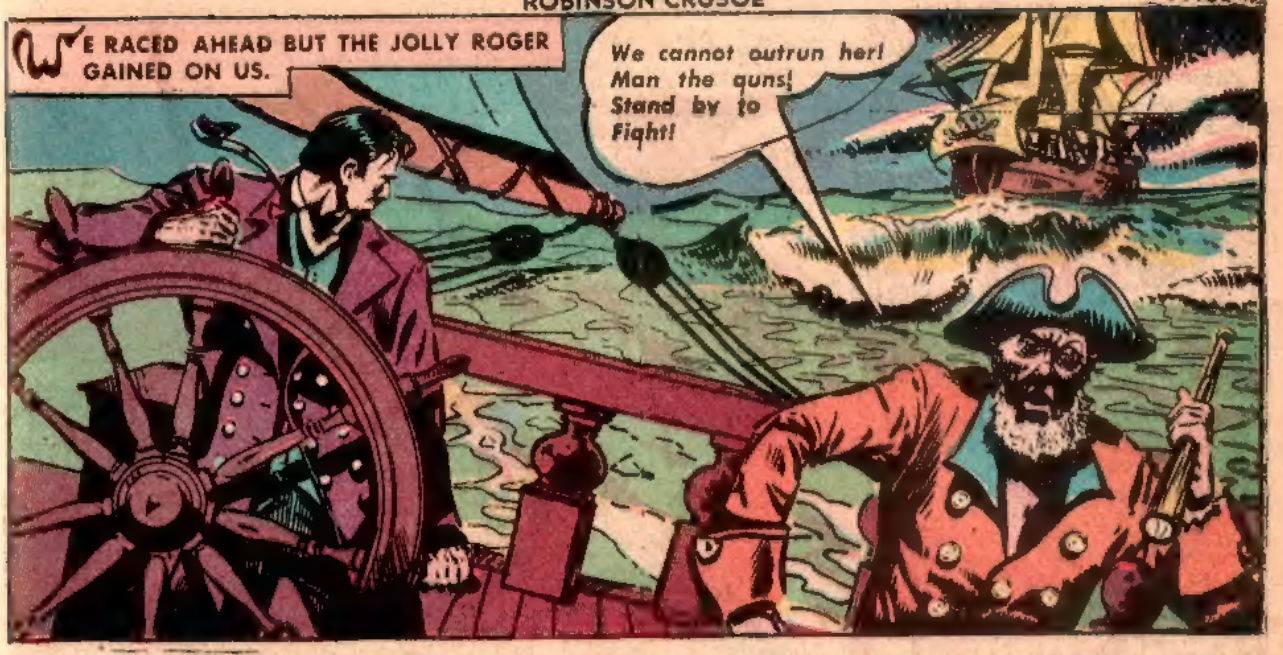
THUS, REASSURING MY ANXIOUS FATHER, I SET SAIL ON AUGUST OF SIXTEEN FIFTY-NINE — NOT AWARE THAT THE ONE VOYAGE I SPOKE OF SO LIGHTLY WOULD KEEP ME AWAY FROM MY HOME FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS.

WE SAILED SOUTH EAST, ACROSS THE OCEAN. WE SAILED CALMLY, EASILY, UNTIL WE ENTERED PIRATE-INFESTED WATERS OF THE CARIBBEES.

Sail off our stern! The Jolly Roger! . . . A pirate ship! And she is gaining on us!

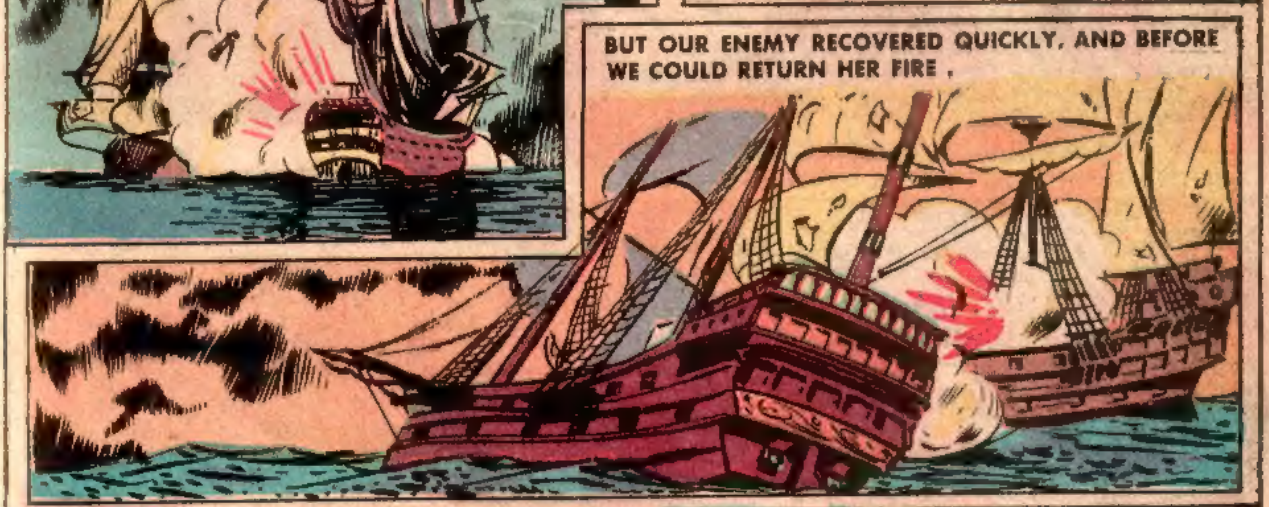
INSTANTLY, THE CREW SCRAMBLED TO THEIR POSTS. THE CAPTAIN GAVE ME THE WHEEL AND ORDERED FULL SPEED AHEAD!

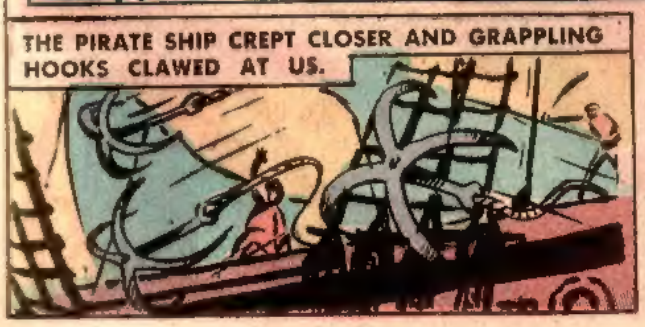
Break out all the canvas she will hold! We will give the Jolly Roger a race!


WE RACED AHEAD BUT THE JOLLY ROGER GAINED ON US.
We cannot outrun her! Man the guns! Stand by to Fight!

THE DREADED PIRATE SHIP LOOMED ABAFT OUR BEAM, BUT WE SURPRISED HER WITH AN OPENING SALVO.

AS THE SMOKE CLEARED WE COULD SEE THE PIRATE SHIP LISTING BADLY.


BUT OUR ENEMY RECOVERED QUICKLY, AND BEFORE WE COULD RETURN HER FIRE,


THE PIRATE SHIP CREPT CLOSER AND GRAPPLING HOOKS CLAWED AT US.

WITH A GRINDING IMPACT THE TWO VESSELS LOCKED IN A DEATH GRIP. AND . . .

THE PIRATES CAME SWARMING ABOARD!
OUR DECK BECAME A BLOODY BATTLEGROUND.
A RING OF CLASHING STEEL FORCED US TO THE OPPOSITE RAIL.
BUT WE SMASHED BACK WITH A GROWING FEROCITY.
THE PIRATE CHIEF SPRANG TO THE BRIDGE AND SEIZED THE WHEEL OF OUR SHIP.

I FOLLOWED SWIFTLY. HE TURNED ON ME, HIS BLADE FLASHING.

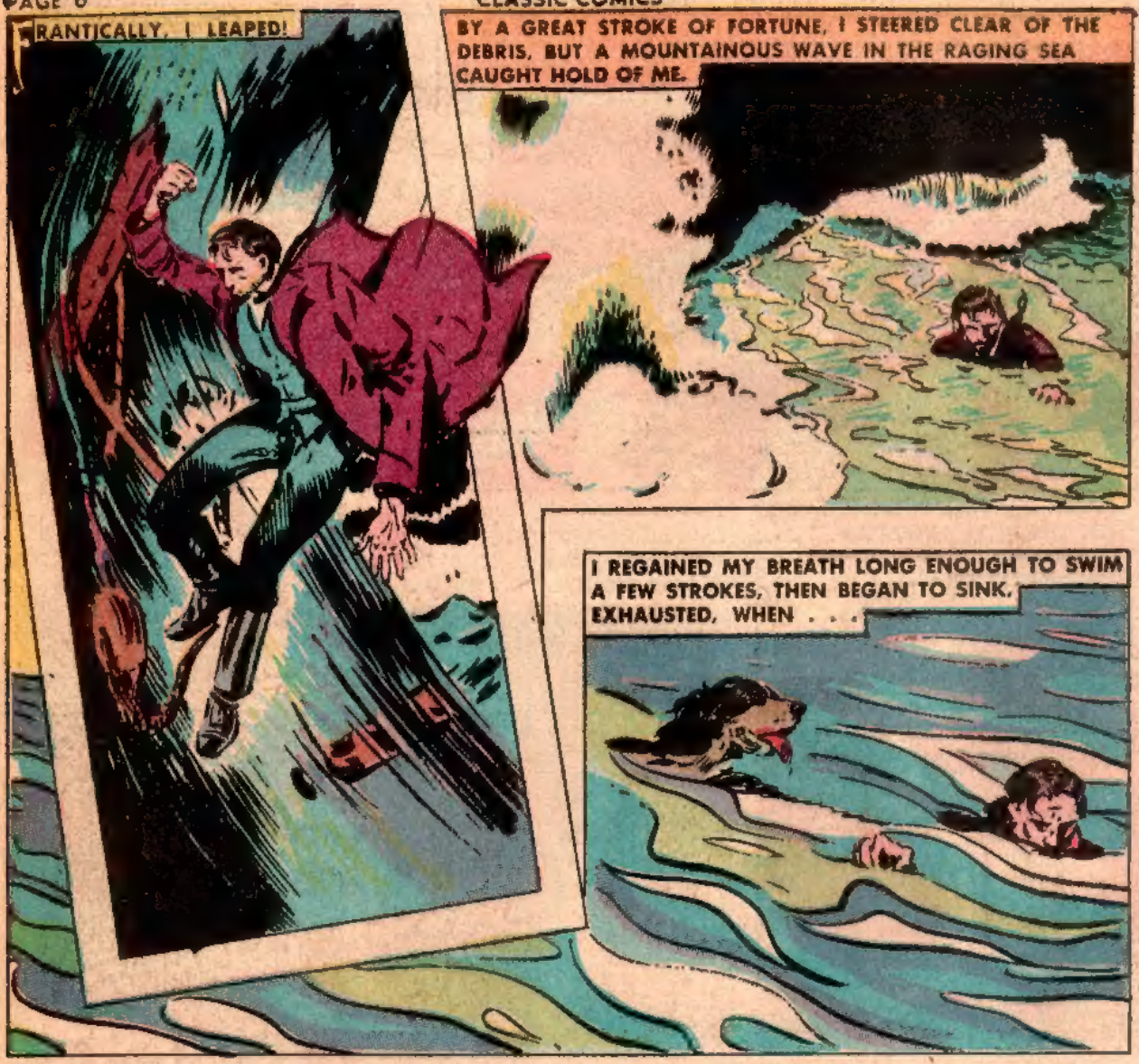
SIDESTEPPING NIMBLY, I PARRIED HIS BLOW, AND HIS QUIVERING BLADE BURIED ITSELF IN THE WOODEN RAIL.

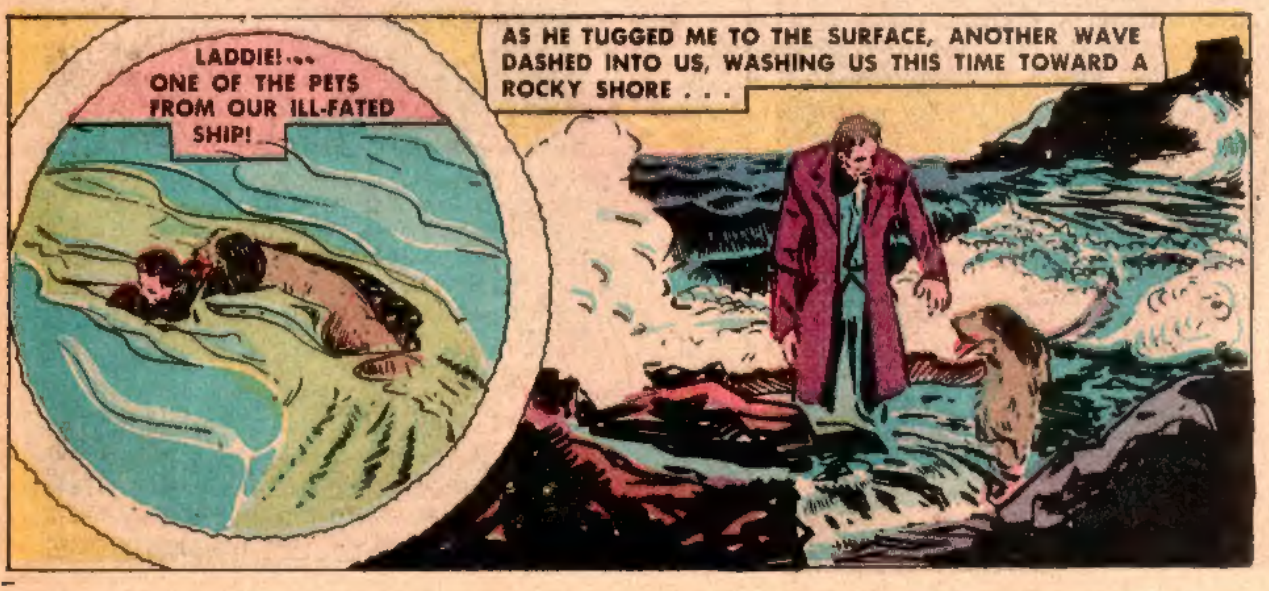
THEN SUDDENLY FROM THE CROW'S NEST...

Tornado? Water spout to the star b'rd.

OUR SHIPS WERE SPUN HELPLESSLY INTO THE SPOUT. IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST, I HAVE ONLY A FLEETING MEMORY OF THE TRAGIC SIGHT OF DROWNING MEN.

THE FIGHTING CEASED AS THE GREAT SPOUT WHIRLED CLOSER. THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT AWAIT THE IMPENDING DOOM.


FRANTICALLY, I LEAPED!
BY A GREAT STROKE OF FORTUNE, I STEERED CLEAR OF THE DEBRIS, BUT A MOUNTAINOUS WAVE IN THE RAGING SEA CAUGHT HOLD OF ME.
I REGAINED MY BREATH LONG ENOUGH TO SWIM A FEW STROKES, THEN BEGAN TO SINK, EXHAUSTED, WHEN . . .


LADDIE!... ONE OF THE PETS FROM OUR ILL-FATED SHIP!
AS HE TUGGED ME TO THE SURFACE, ANOTHER WAVE DASHED INTO US, WASHING US THIS TIME TOWARD A ROCKY SHORE . . .

. . . ON WHICH I SANK EXHAUSTED.

I AWOKE ON A DYING DAY AND VIEWED MY DISMAL PROSPECTS.

Not a person not a house. I'll either die of hunger or be devoured by wild beasts or savages.

STRANDED SOMEWHERE IN THE CARIBBEES I SENSED DANGER ON EVERY SIDE. AS THE NIGHT DEEPENED. . .

. . . I SOUGHT REFUGE FROM MY TERROR.

I SPENT THE NIGHT THAT WAY, DOZING OFF FITFULLY AT INTERVALS.

MORNING WAS WELCOME.

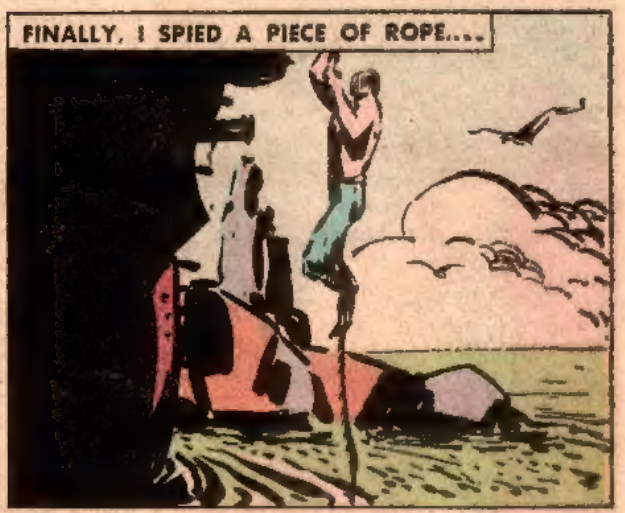
THE WATER WAS AT LOW TIDE. WHERE GREAT WAVES HAD ROARED THE PREVIOUS DAY, THERE WAS NOTHING NOW BUT ROCKS AND REEFS . . . AND SOMETHING ELSE! I HAD TO BLINK TO BELIEVE!

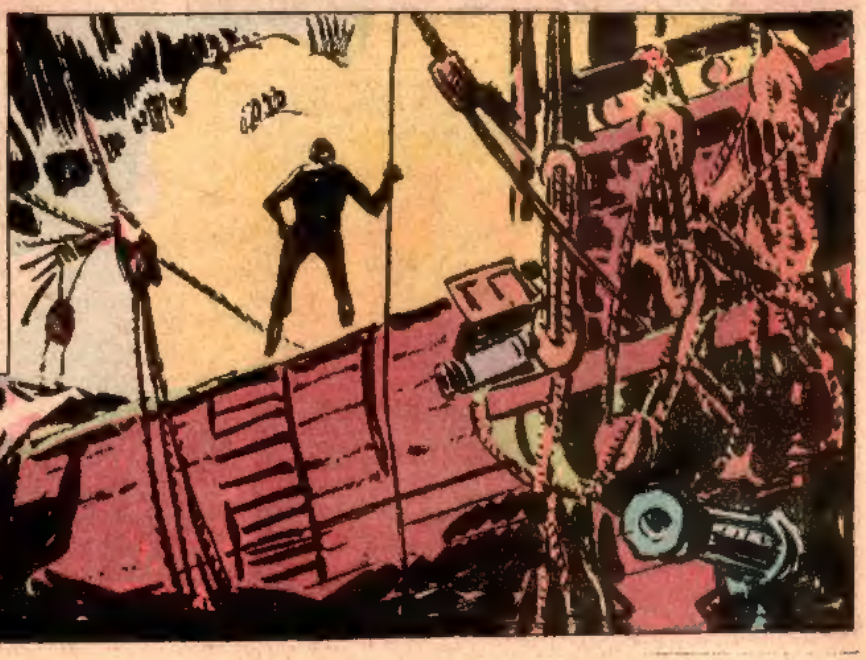
OUR SUNKEN SHIP! THE TIDE HAD UNCOVERED HER!

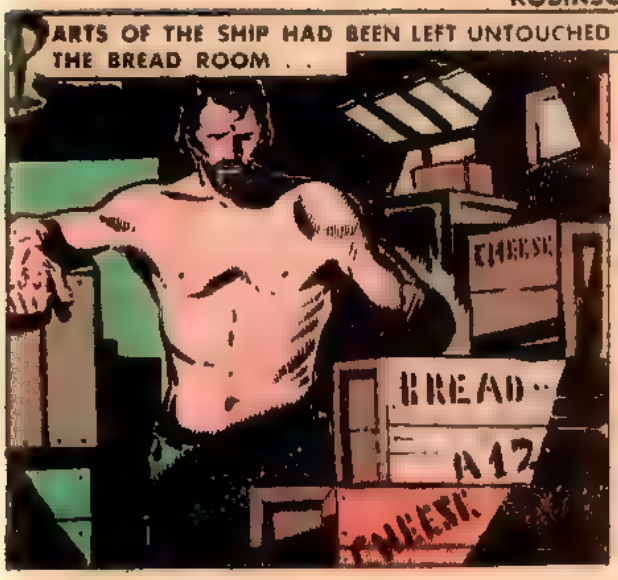
I must get to her!

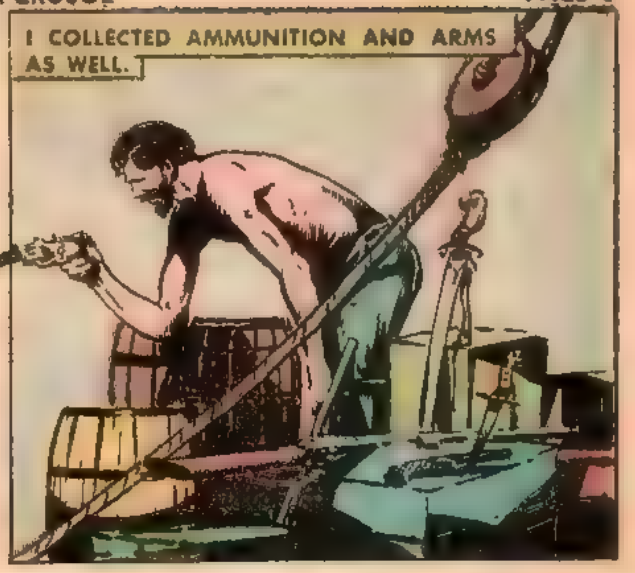
I HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN THE BECALMED SEA.

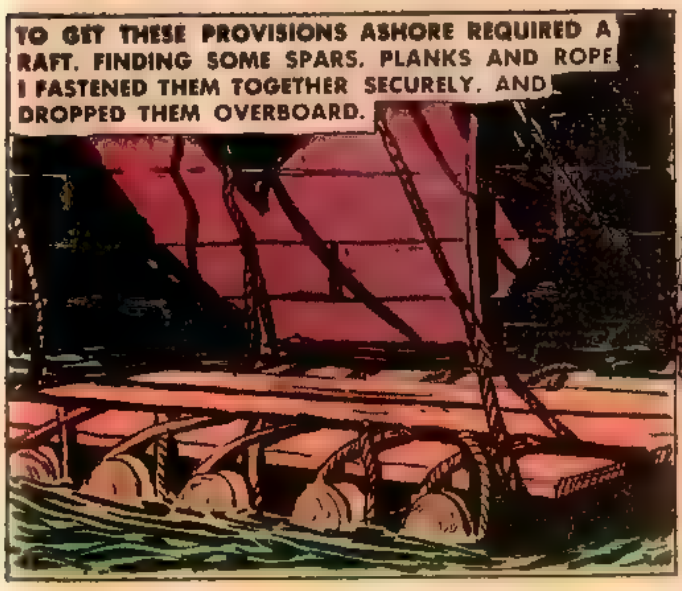
BUT BOARDING THE SHIP PRESENTED A PROBLEM. SHE LAY HIGH OUT OF THE WATER.


FINALLY, I SPIED A PIECE OF ROPE....

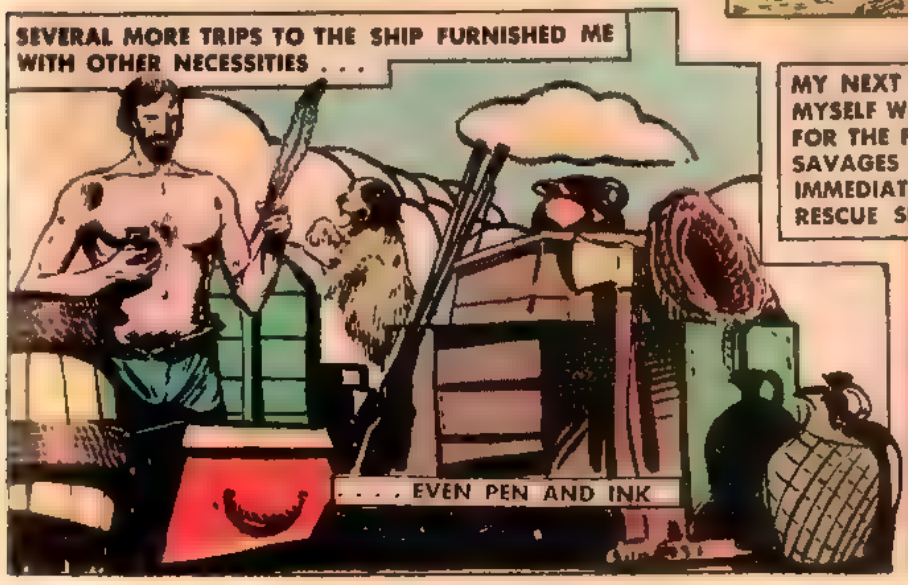


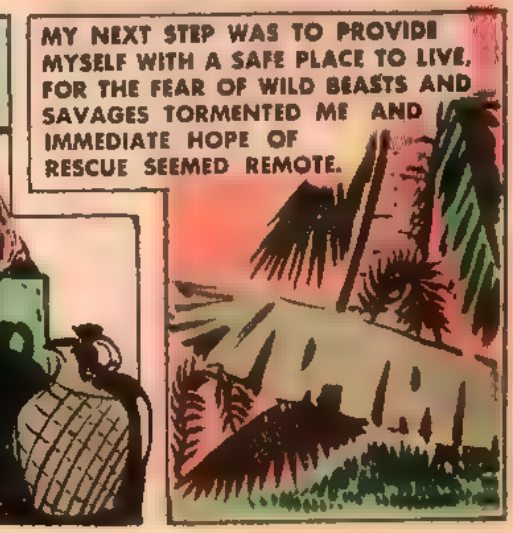

PARTS OF THE SHIP HAD BEEN LEFT UNTOUCHED
THE BREAD ROOM . .
CHEESE
BREAD
A12
CHEESE


I COLLECTED AMMUNITION AND ARMS AS WELL.

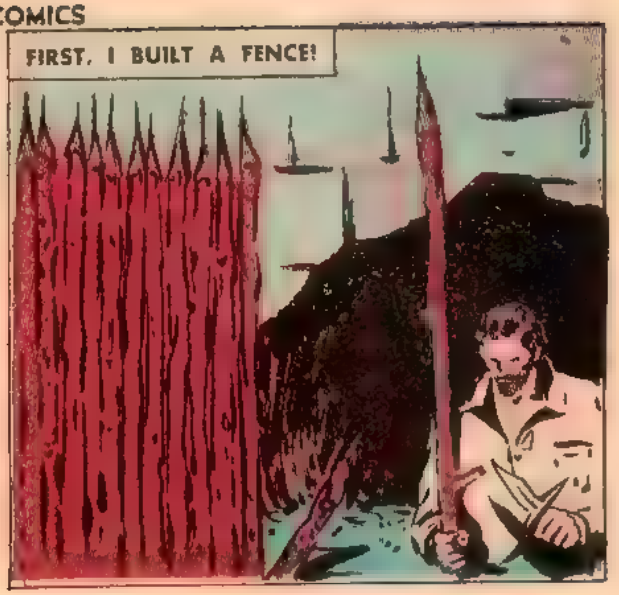

TO GET THESE PROVISIONS ASHORE REQUIRED A RAFT. FINDING SOME SPARS, PLANKS AND ROPE I FASTENED THEM TOGETHER SECURELY, AND DROPPED THEM OVERBOARD.

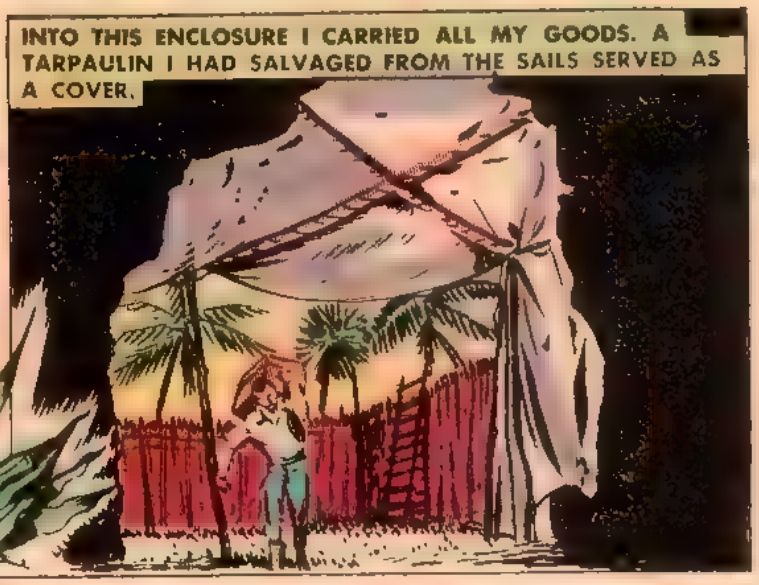
I THEN LOWERED MY PROVISIONS, AND PADDLED TO SHORE.


SEVERAL MORE TRIPS TO THE SHIP FURNISHED ME WITH OTHER NECESSITIES . . .
. . . . EVEN PEN AND INK

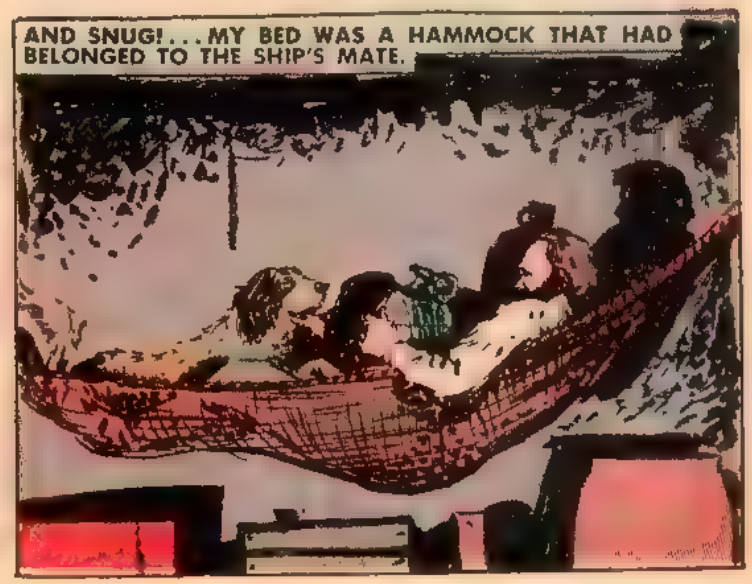

MY NEXT STEP WAS TO PROVIDE MYSELF WITH A SAFE PLACE TO LIVE, FOR THE FEAR OF WILD BEASTS AND SAVAGES TORMENTED ME AND IMMEDIATE HOPE OF RESCUE SEEMED REMOTE.

Under this rock is a likely place.


FIRST, I BUILT A FENCE!


INTO THIS ENCLOSURE I CARRIED ALL MY GOODS. A TARPAULIN I HAD SALVAGED FROM THE SAILS SERVED AS A COVER.

SECURE!...EVEN TO THE DOOR, WHICH WAS A LADDER THAT I TOOK WITH ME INSIDE THE CAVE.


AND SNUG!...MY BED WAS A HAMMOCK THAT HAD BELONGED TO THE SHIP'S MATE.

BUT MY PLEASURE AT BEING SAVED FROM HUNGER AND EXPOSURE SOON DIED WITHIN ME. I LACKED MANY THINGS, ESPECIALLY HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP. I DECIDED TO BUILD FURNITURE, IMPLEMENTS . . .

. . . NOT ONLY BECAUSE I NEEDED THEM, BUT BECAUSE KEEPING MYSELF BUSY HELPED SHUT OUT THE LONELINESS.

I HAD NO SAW. TO GET ONE SMOOTH PLANK OF WOOD, I HAD TO SPLIT AN ENTIRE TREE.

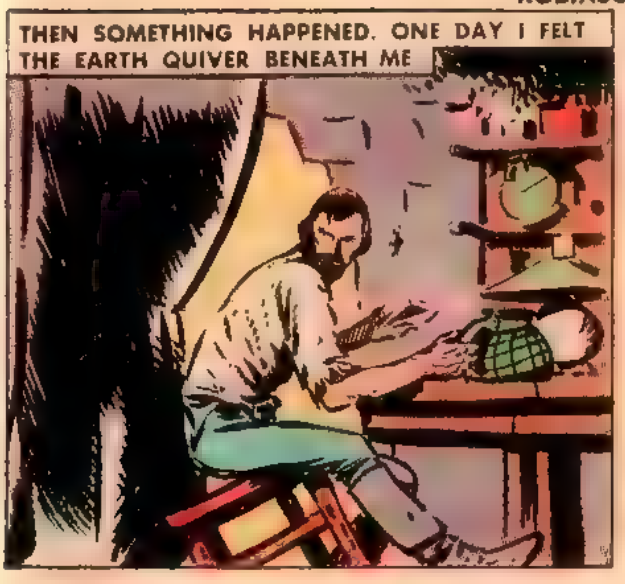
IT TOOK DAYS TO GET ENOUGH PLANKS FOR A TABLE . . .

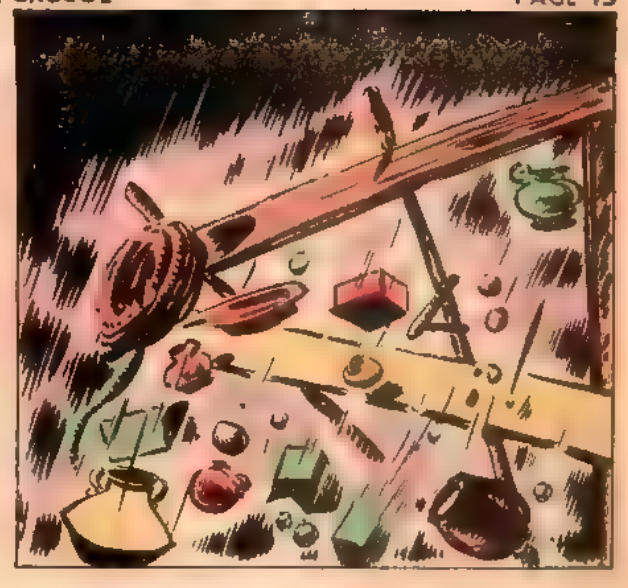
. . . FIVE DAYS TO BE EXACT. I KNOW BECAUSE I HAD A CALENDAR - MY OWN SPECIAL MAKE!

I CAME ON SHORE HERE-SEPT. 30, 1659

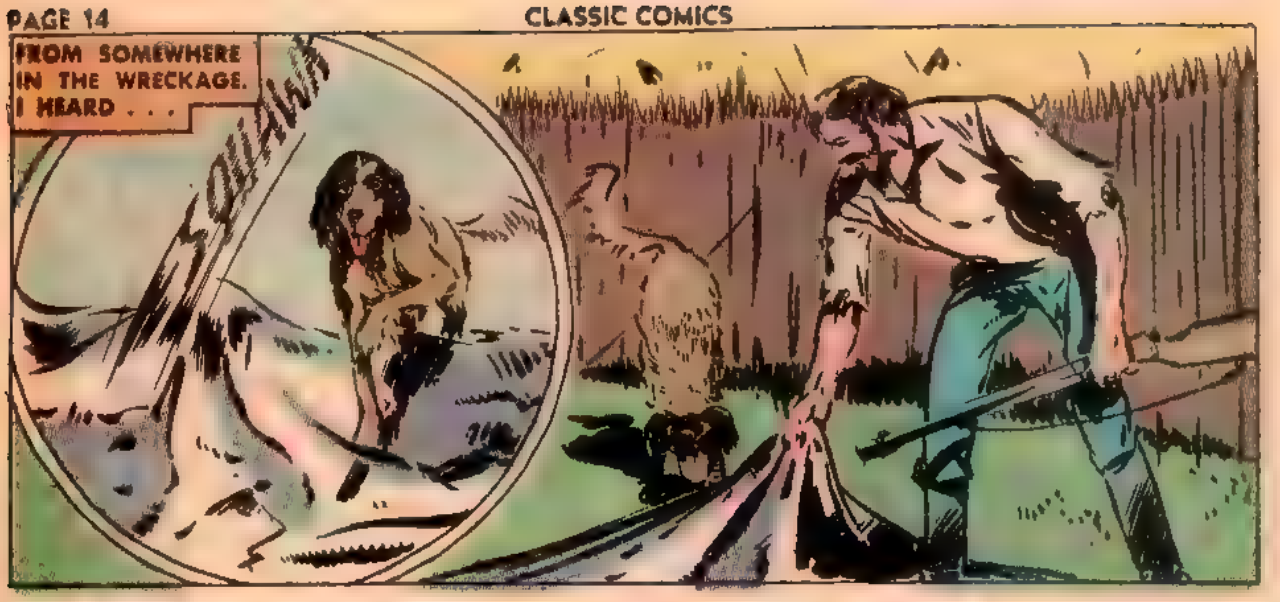
FOR EVERY DAY I CUT A NOTCH INTO THE STICK . . . LITTLE DID I DREAM THAT MY STAY ON THE ISLAND WOULD USE UP HUNDREDS OF THESE STICKS!

IN TIME, MY PROVISIONS WERE BEING USED UP. I FOUND OTHER FOOD.
NOT ONLY DID I HAVE GOAT MEAT, BUT WITH THE TALLOW FROM IT, I MADE A LAMP WICK.
I REALLY WAS SURPRISING MYSELF, FOR I HAD NEVER BEFORE HANDLED A TOOL IN MY LIFE.
I ALSO MADE A GRINDSTONE. IN ORDER TO HAVE BOTH MY HANDS FREE, I CONTRIVED A WHEEL WITH A STRING.
MY TENT BECAME QUITE WELL EQUIPPED.


THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED. ONE DAY I FELT THE EARTH QUIVER BENEATH ME

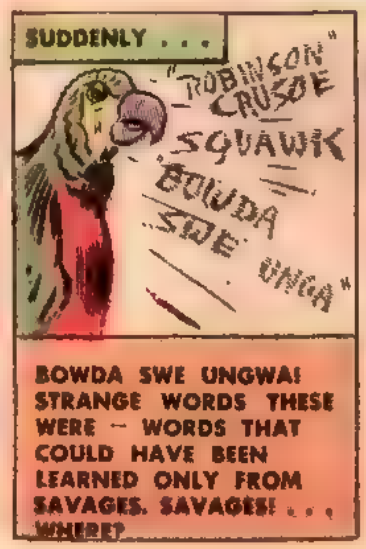


THE TARPAULIN COLLAPSED.
THEN, SILENCE. THE EARTHQUAKE — FOR EARTHQUAKE IT MUST HAVE BEEN — WAS SPENT.

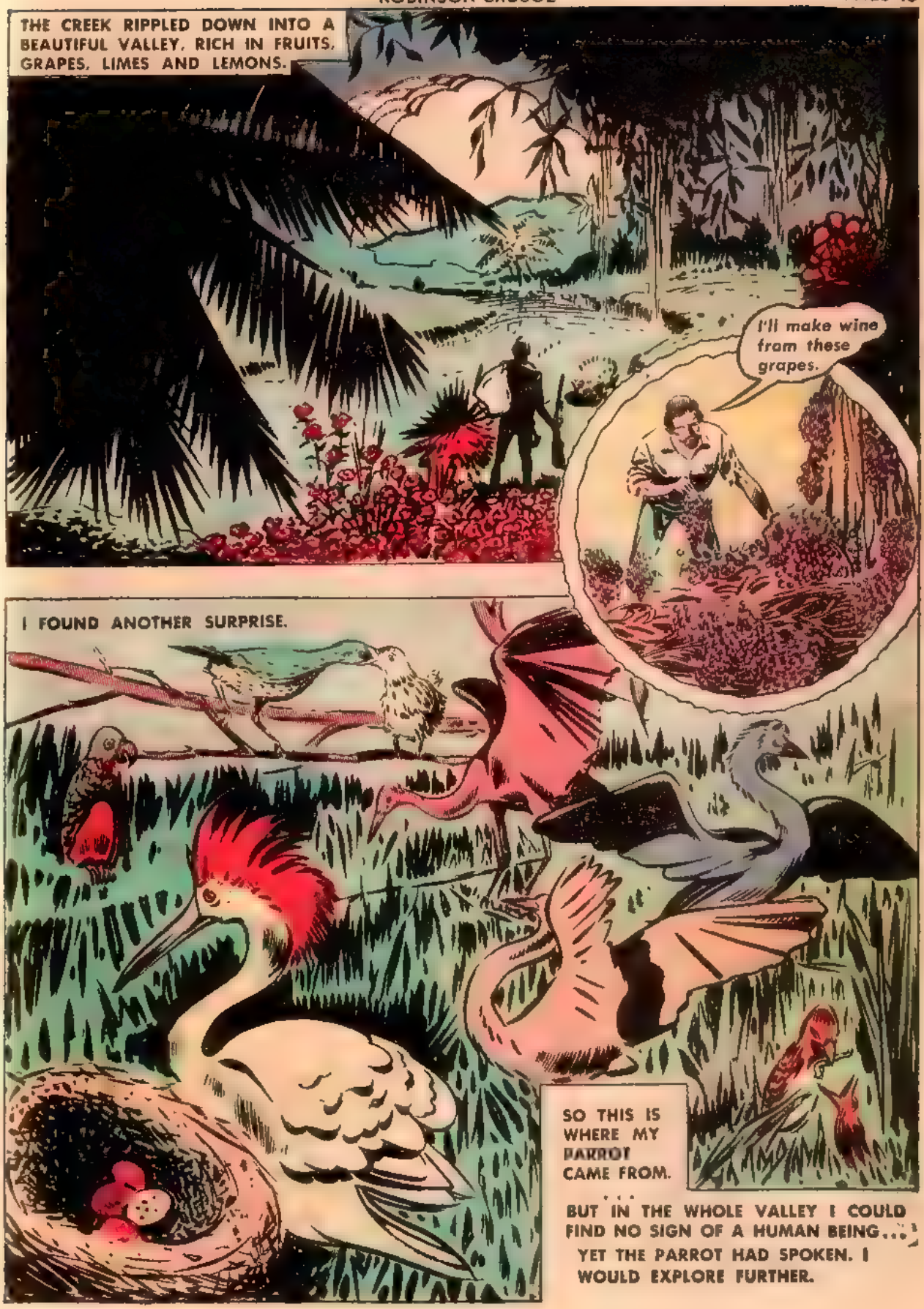

FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE WRECKAGE, I HEARD . . .
SQUAWK

AWOK
SQU-A-WK
AWR-K

A PARROT! . . . I HAD NO IDEA WHERE IT CAME FROM, BUT I WAS DELIGHTED WITH THIS NEW COMPANION.
Say—"Robinson Crusoe."


SUDDENLY . . .
"ROBINSON CRUSOE"
SQUAWK
BOWDA SWE UNGA"
BOWDA SWE UNGWA! STRANGE WORDS THESE WERE — WORDS THAT COULD HAVE BEEN LEARNED ONLY FROM SAVAGES. SAVAGES! . . . WHERE?

AS SOON AS I REPAIRED MY TENT, I DECIDED TO EXPLORE THE ISLAND.
I will follow the creek.


THE CREEK RIPPLED DOWN INTO A BEAUTIFUL VALLEY, RICH IN FRUITS, GRAPES, LIMES AND LEMONS.
I'll make wine from these grapes.
I FOUND ANOTHER SURPRISE.
SO THIS IS WHERE MY PARROT CAME FROM.
BUT IN THE WHOLE VALLEY I COULD FIND NO SIGN OF A HUMAN BEING...
YET THE PARROT HAD SPOKEN. I WOULD EXPLORE FURTHER.

THIS TIME I BUILT A BOAT THAT WAS TO TAKE ME CLEAR AROUND THE ISLAND.
I FITTED IT WITH NECESSITIES, FOR I KNEW NOT WHAT DANGER I WOULD MEET.
I WAS READY TO LEAVE.
HERE LADDIE . . . WHERE ARE YOU, PUP? WE'RE READY TO GO! LADDIE!
THEN I HEARD HIS BARKS — QUICK, EXCITED! . . . FROM AROUND THE BEND IN THE SHORE
I FOUND HIM, SNIFFING AND BARKING AT . . .
FOOTPRINTS!
RRR-RR

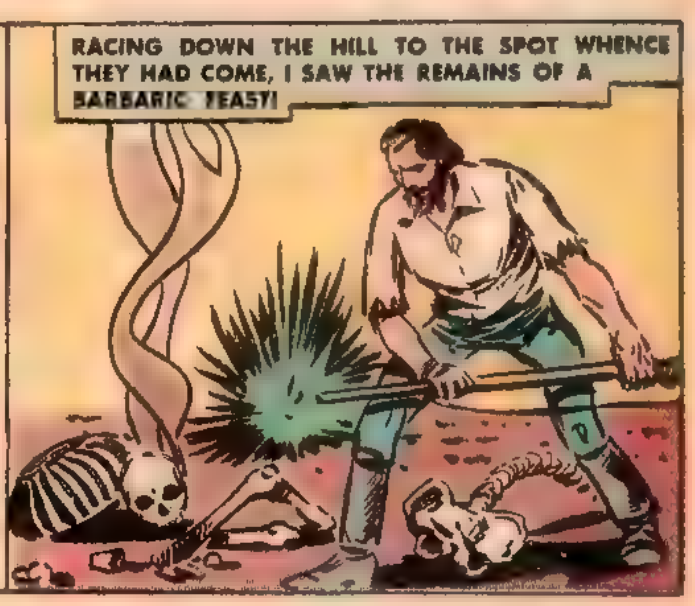
THEY WERE MUCH LARGER THAN MINE.

I FOLLOWED THEM.

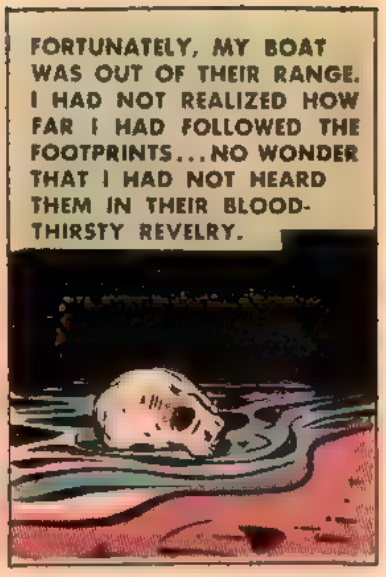
Strange . . . Come on, laddie. We'll go up and look about.
AT THE HILL, THEY DISAPPEARED.

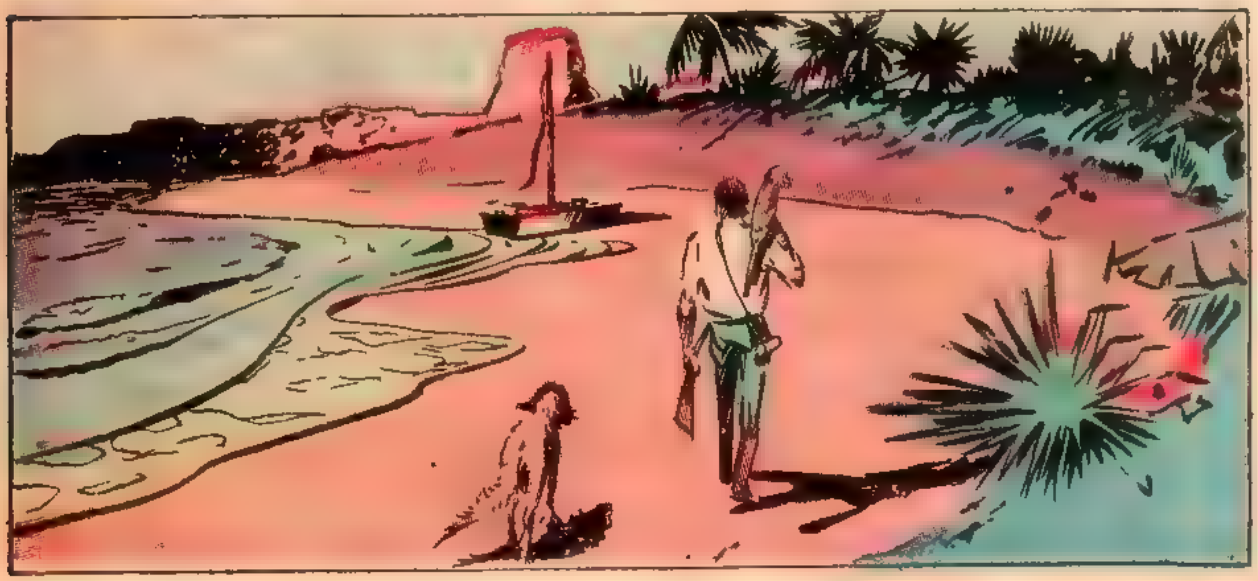
I LOOKED THROUGH MY PERSPECTIVE GLASS—AT A SIGHT THAT CHILLED MY BLOOD . . .

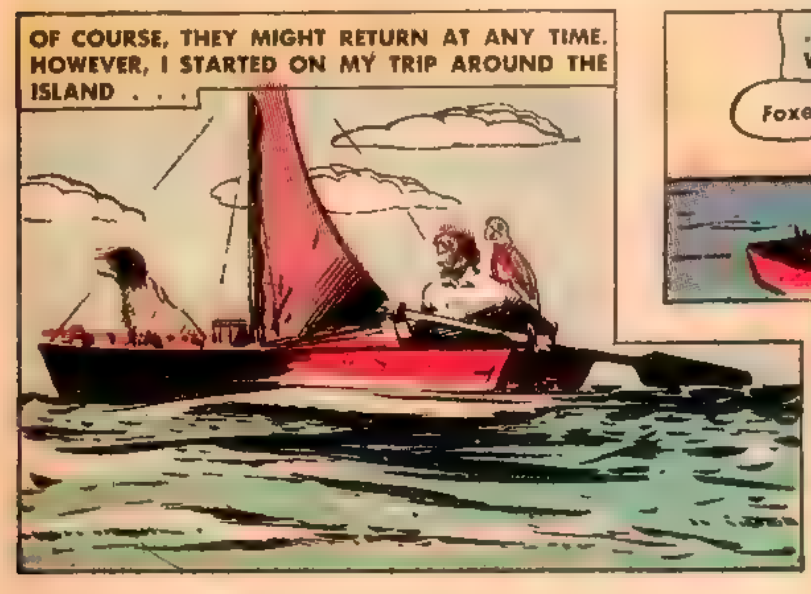
MAN-EATING SAVAGES!

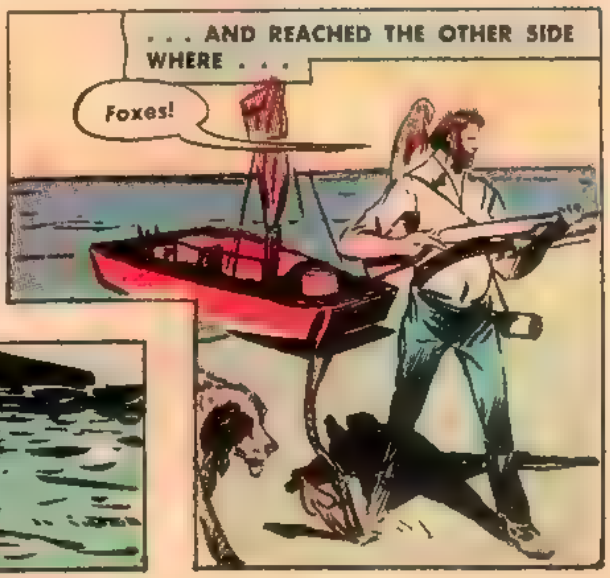

RACING DOWN THE HILL TO THE SPOT WHENCE THEY HAD COME, I SAW THE REMAINS OF A BARBARIC FEAST!

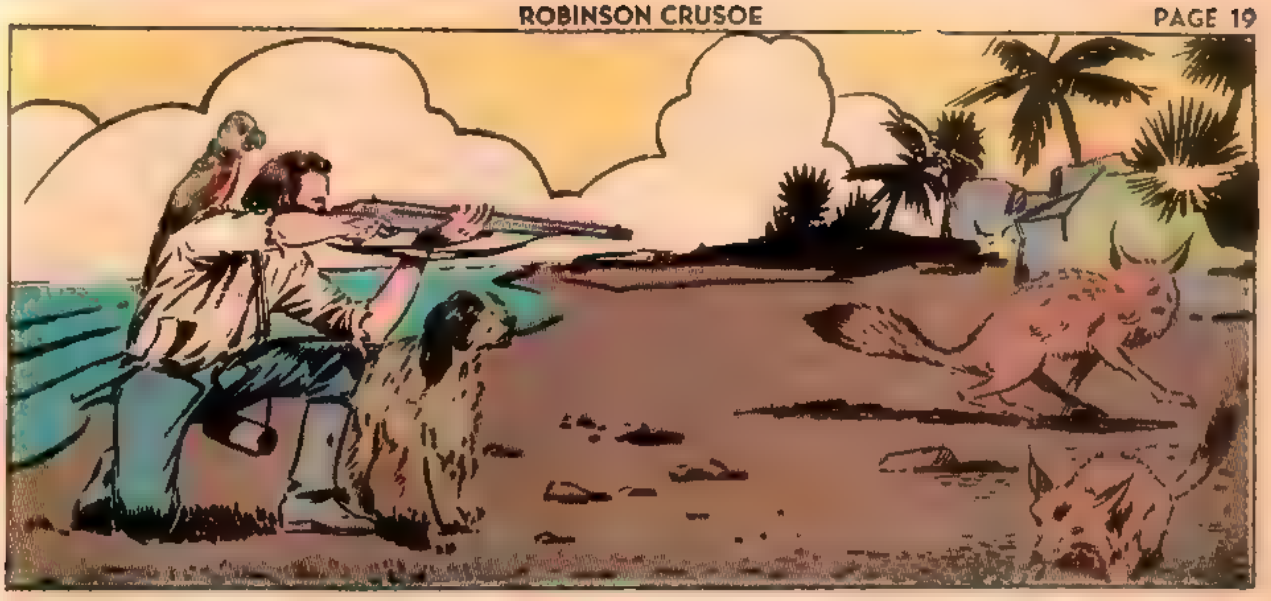
I SHUDDERED AT WHAT THEY WOULD HAVE DONE TO ME IF THEY HAD SEEN ME.
Bowda Swe Unga . . Poor Robinson.


FORTUNATELY, MY BOAT WAS OUT OF THEIR RANGE. I HAD NOT REALIZED HOW FAR I HAD FOLLOWED THE FOOTPRINTS... NO WONDER THAT I HAD NOT HEARD THEM IN THEIR BLOOD-THIRSTY REVELRY.



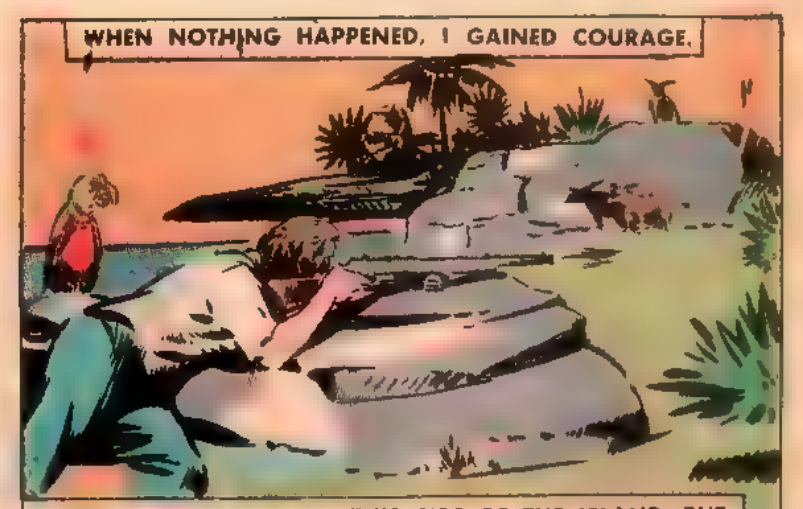

OF COURSE, THEY MIGHT RETURN AT ANY TIME. HOWEVER, I STARTED ON MY TRIP AROUND THE ISLAND . . .


. . . AND REACHED THE OTHER SIDE WHERE . . .
Foxes!



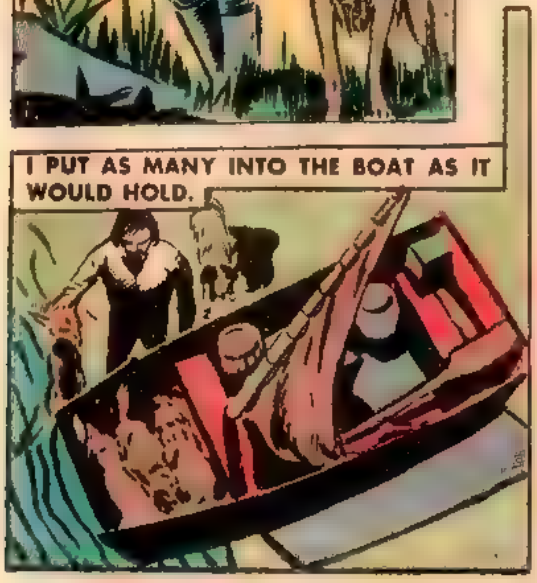
SUDDENLY, I STOPPED ALARMED. I SHOULD NOT HAVE FIRED. IF SAVAGES WERE ABOUT, THE SHOOTING WOULD ATTRACT THEM.

WHEN NOTHING HAPPENED, I GAINED COURAGE.

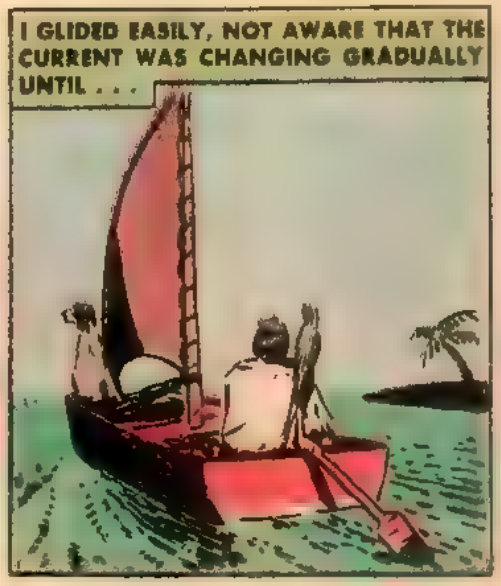


ANIMALS ABOUNDED ON THIS SIDE OF THE ISLAND - BUT ONLY ANIMALS.

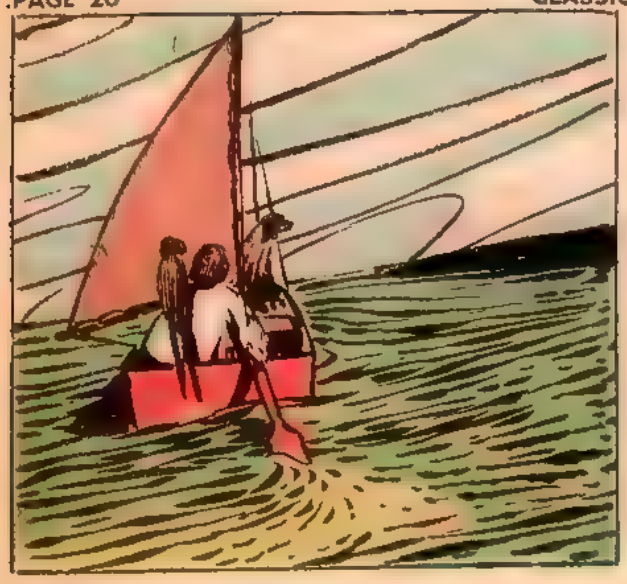
I PUT AS MANY INTO THE BOAT AS IT WOULD HOLD.

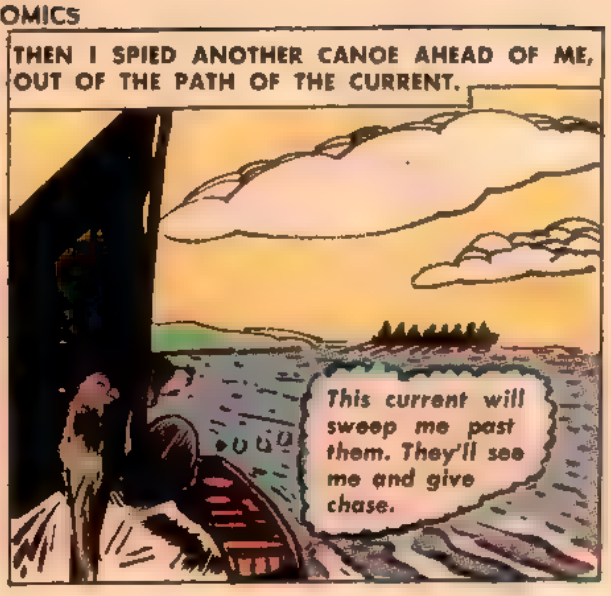


I GLIDED EASILY, NOT AWARE THAT THE CURRENT WAS CHANGING GRADUALLY UNTIL . . .



A FURIOUS CURRENT, LIKE THE SLUICE OF A MILL, SWIRLED ME!

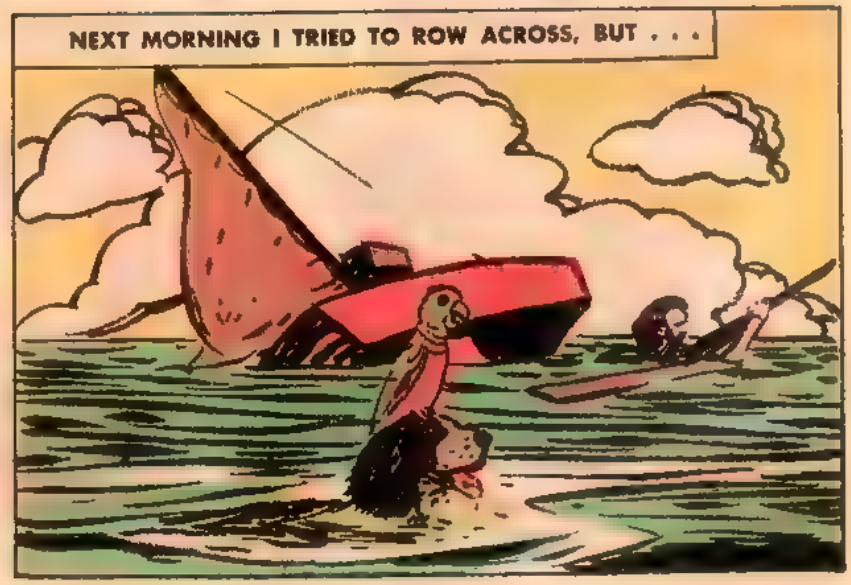



THEN I SPIED ANOTHER CANOE AHEAD OF ME, OUT OF THE PATH OF THE CURRENT.
This current will sweep me past them. They'll see me and give chase.

AS I SWEPT BY A COVE . . .

I WOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE CURRENT TO SUBSIDE.

I'll have to spend the night here.


NEXT MORNING I TRIED TO ROW ACROSS, BUT . . .

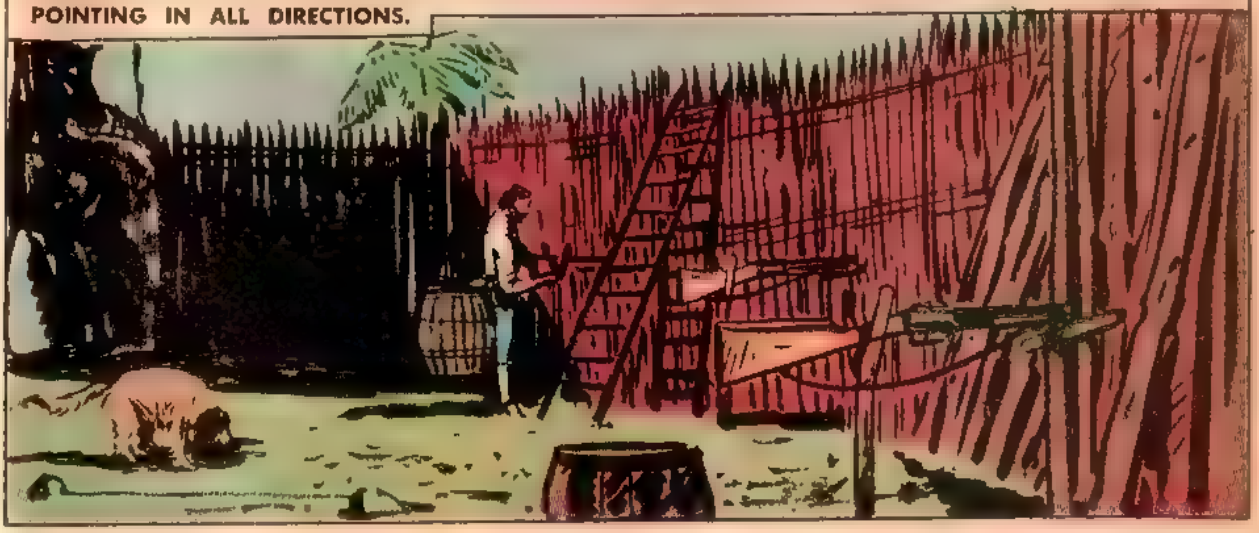
I WAS BARELY ABLE TO SWIM BACK TO THE COVE. MY OVERTURNED BOAT WAS FLUNG IN AFTER ME. THIS TIME I WAITED THREE DAYS. MY PROVISIONS WERE ALL USED UP WHEN THE CALM FINALLY CAME.

I REACHED MY SIDE OF THE ISLAND, VERY GRATEFUL.

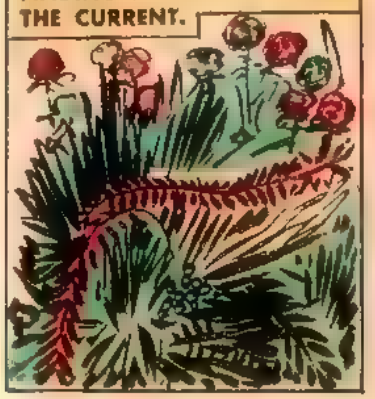
I thank heaven for my safety.

SO HASTILY HAD I SUNK TO MY KNEES THAT I HAD NOT NOTICED THE HORRIBLE SIGHT UNTIL I STOOD UP . . . MORE HUMAN BONES!

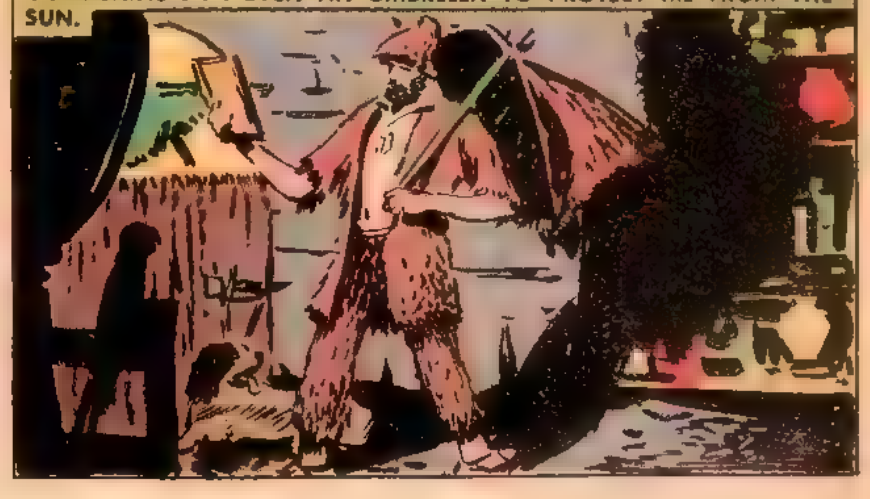
EXPECTING THE RETURN OF THE SAVAGES AT ANY TIME, I TOOK PRECAUTIONS . . . I SET UP GUNS POINTING IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



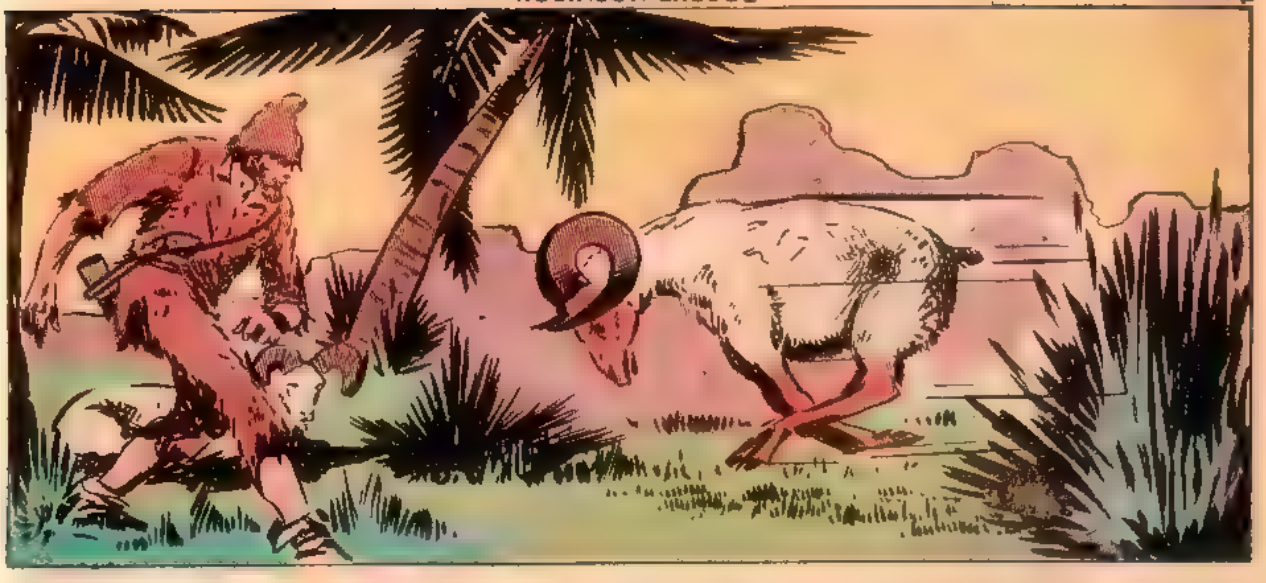
DAYS OF TENSE WAITING PASSED. WEEKS PASSED . . . DURING THAT TIME I TOOK MORE TRIPS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND, AFTER FINDING A WAY TO AVOID THE CURRENT.

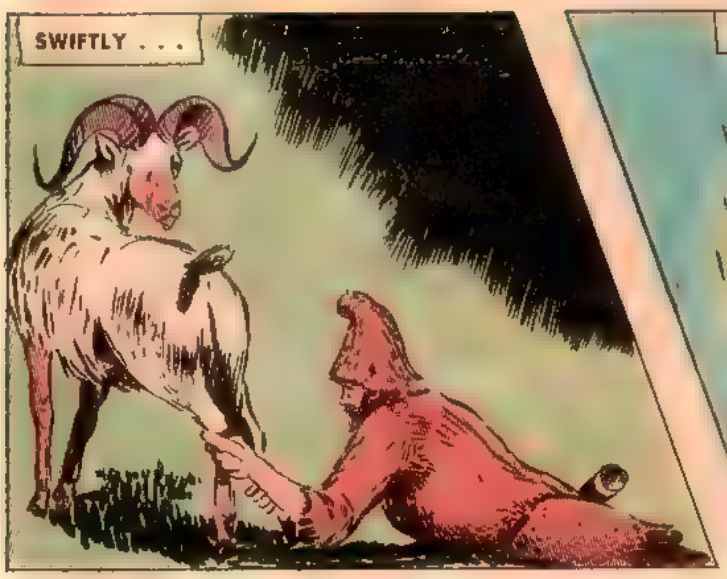


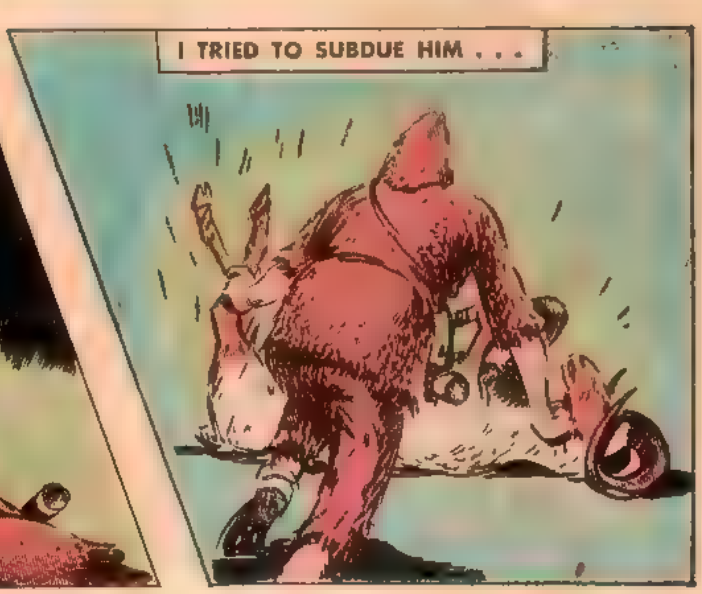
I MADE GOOD USE OF THE SKINS OF THE MANY ANIMALS I SHOT THERE . . . I REPLACED MY TORN GARMENTS WITH A FINE SET OF GOAT-SKINS . . . EVEN AN UMBRELLA TO PROTECT ME FROM THE SUN.

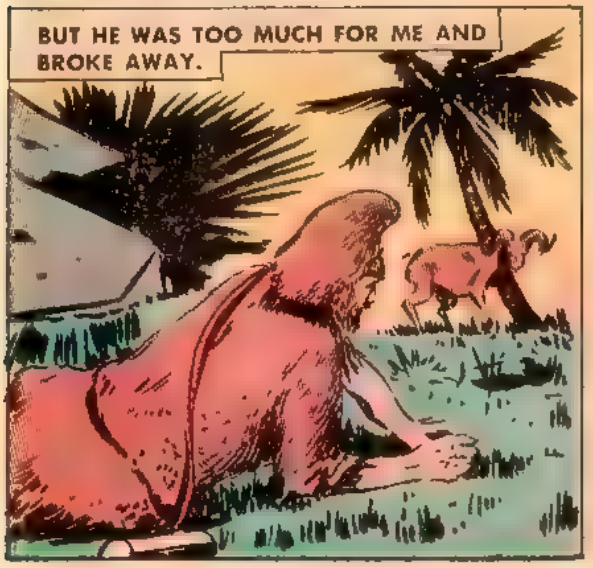


AND STILL I WAITED FOR THE CANNIBALS.
AND WHILE WAITING, I FOUND NEW DIVERSION. MY AMMUNITION WAS BEING USED UP.
I must cut down on my shooting. I'll trap them alive.
I DUG A DEEP PITFALL . . .
. . . AND COVERED IT WITH LEAVES.
AT FIRST I HAD NO SUCCESS. THEN ONE MORNING . . .
I TIED UP MY PRISONERS. BUT AS I WAS LIFTING THEM OUT . . .
. . . A GOAT BREAKS LOOSE!

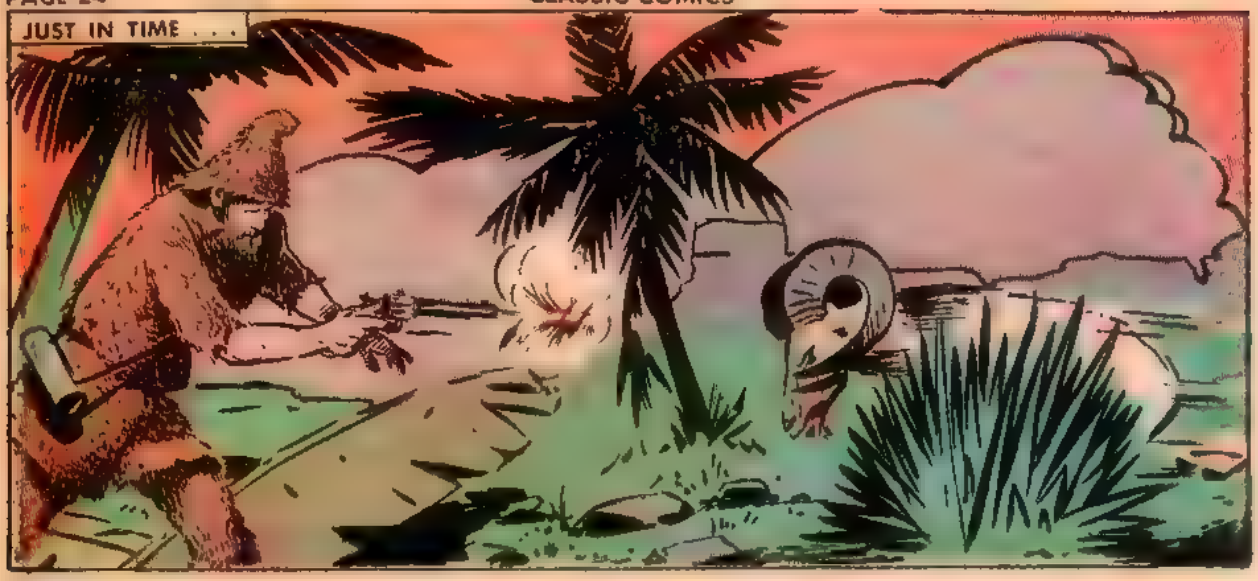


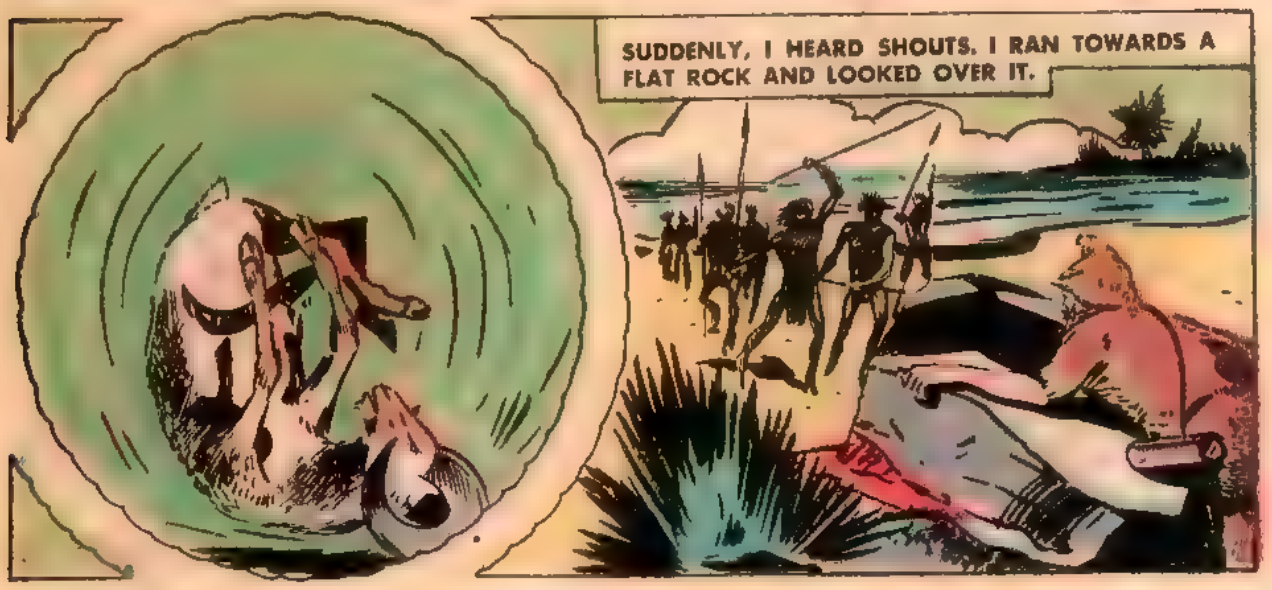

SWIFTLY . . .


I TRIED TO SUBDUE HIM . . .


BUT HE WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME AND BROKE AWAY.

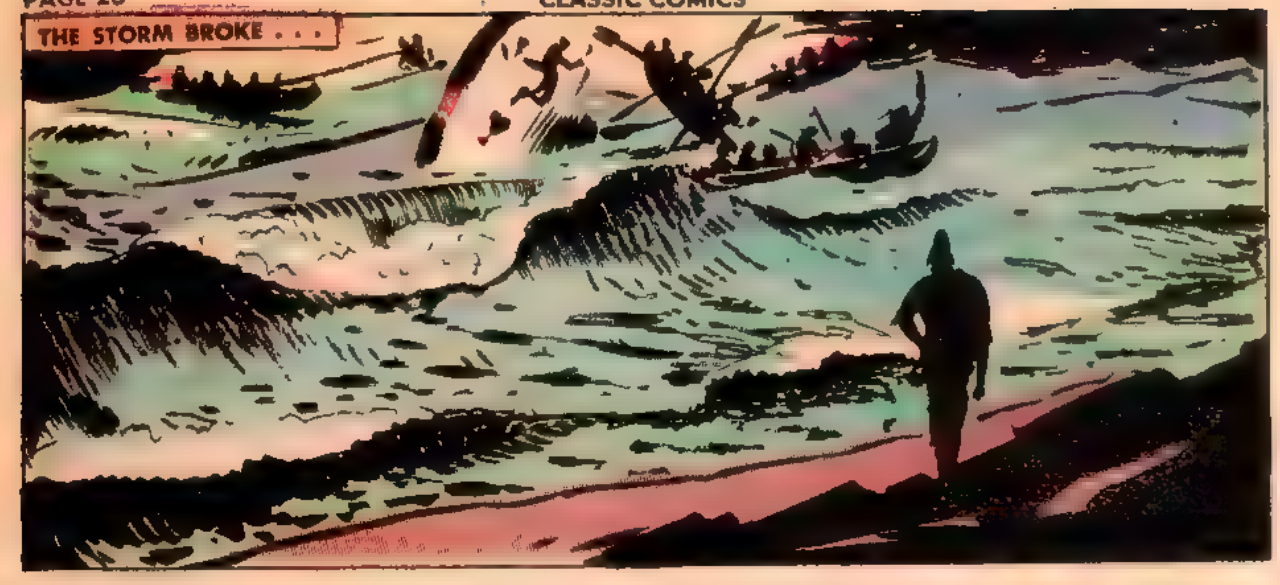
HE CAME AT ME AGAIN, THIS TIME WITH GREATER FEROCITY THAN BEFORE.

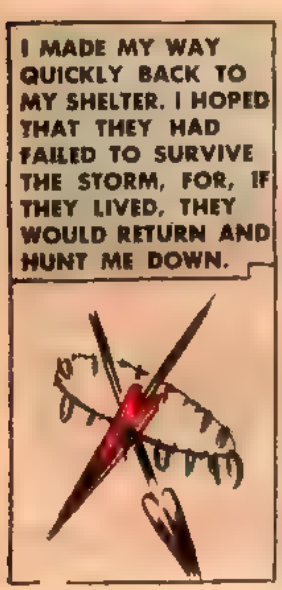

JUST IN TIME . . .


SUDDENLY, I HEARD SHOUTS. I RAN TOWARDS A FLAT ROCK AND LOOKED OVER IT.

APPARENTLY, THEY HAD JUST ARRIVED AND HEARD THE SHOT. THEY WERE SET ON TRACKING IT DOWN.

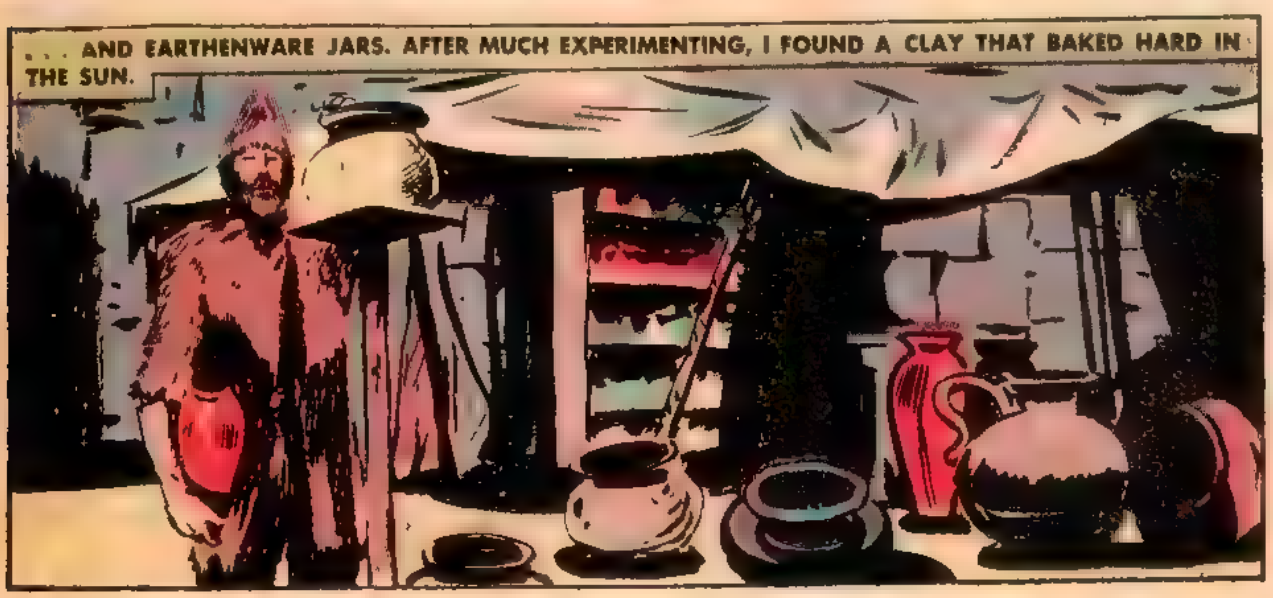
I FIRED A WILD SHOT—AND RAN.
THEY WERE ALMOST ON ME . . .
WHEN . . .
THEN, THEY TURNED BACK, AND . . .


THE STORM BROKE . . .


I MADE MY WAY QUICKLY BACK TO MY SHELTER. I HOPED THAT THEY HAD FAILED TO SURVIVE THE STORM, FOR, IF THEY LIVED, THEY WOULD RETURN AND HUNT ME DOWN.

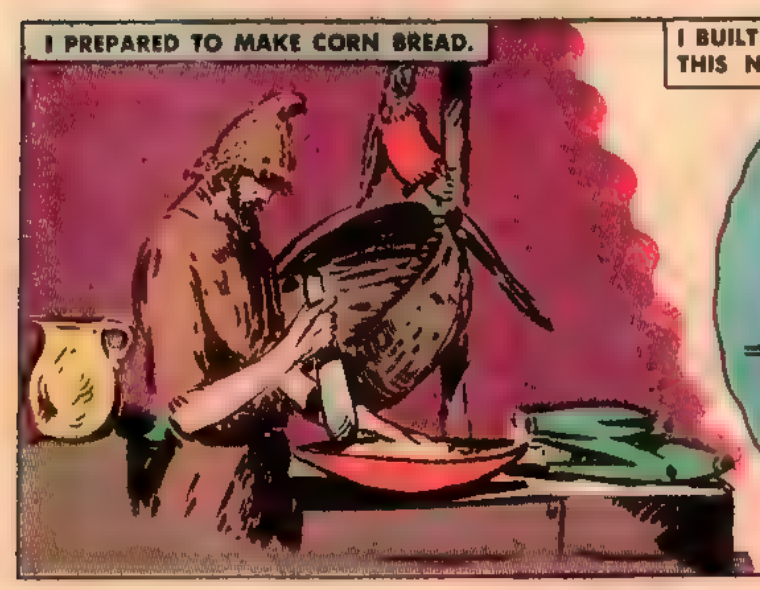
BUT MONTHS PASSED — YEARS PASSED. NO ONE CAME BACK.

I FOUND MANY NEW OCCUPATIONS . . .

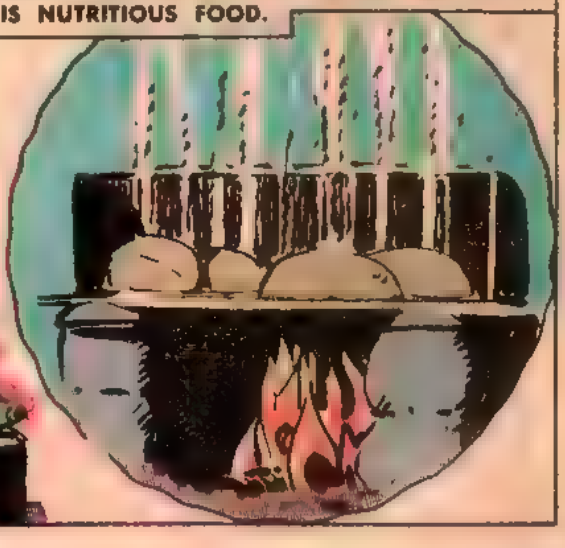

. . . AND EARTHENWARE JARS. AFTER MUCH EXPERIMENTING, I FOUND A CLAY THAT BAKED HARD IN THE SUN.

I HAD NEW FOODS TO EAT. SOME CORN SEED HAD SPILLED FROM A GRAIN SACK THAT I HAD TAKEN FROM THE SHIP. A FEW MONTHS LATER...

I PREPARED TO MAKE CORN BREAD.

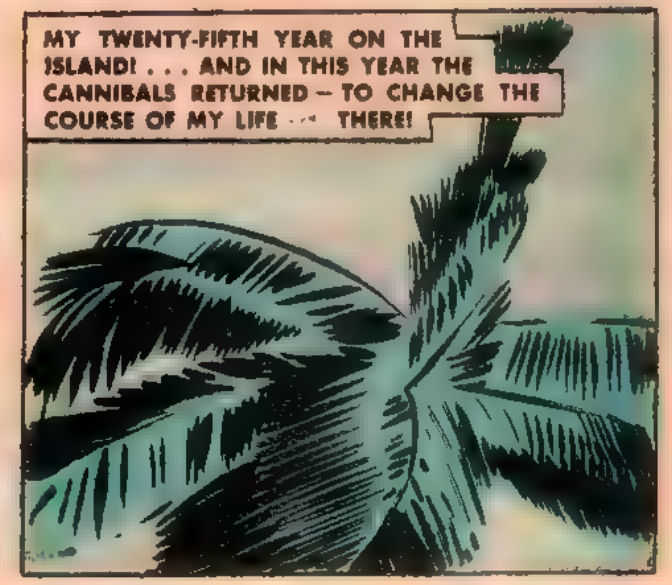


I BUILT A STONE OVEN AND BAKED LOAVES OF THIS NUTRITIOUS FOOD.

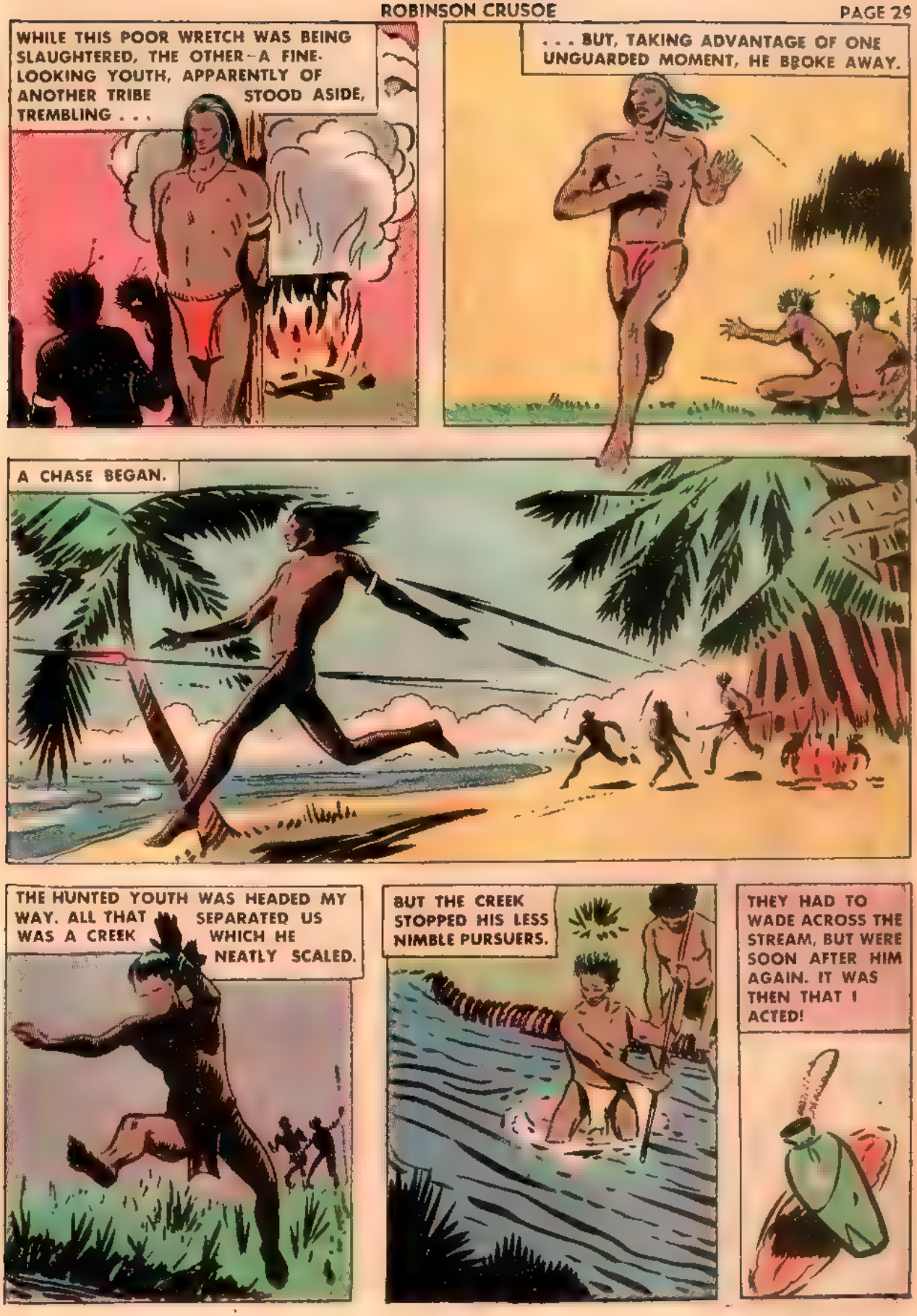


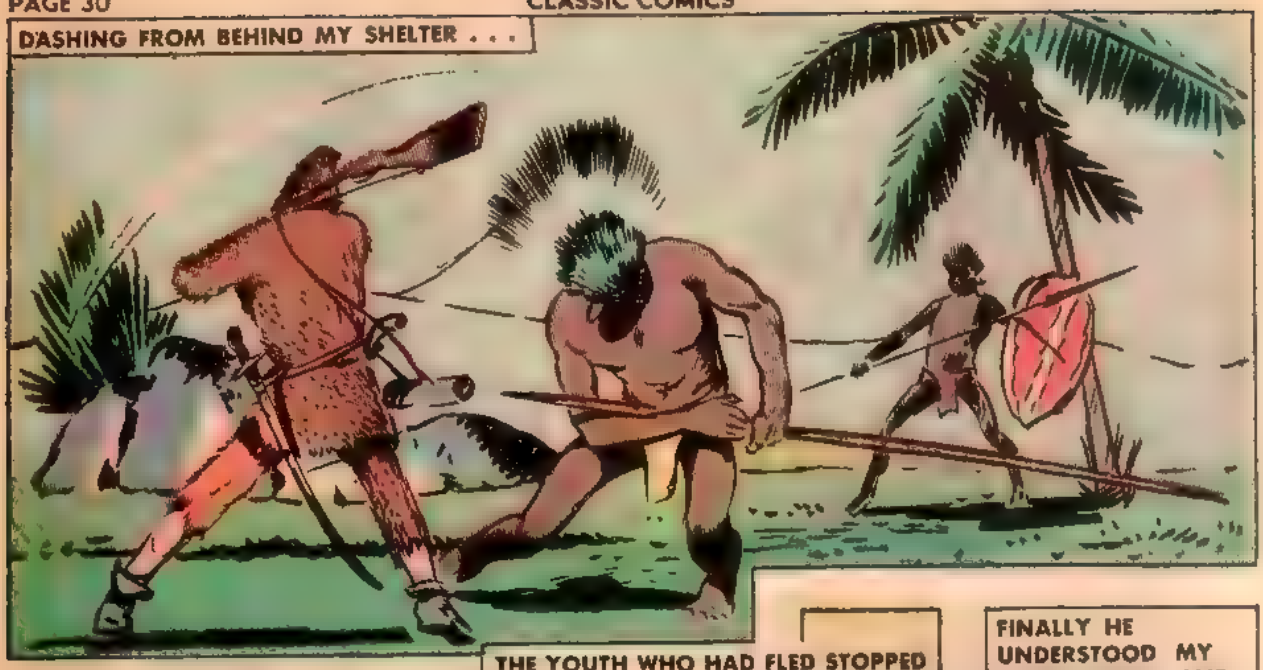
AND MORE TIME PASSED . . .

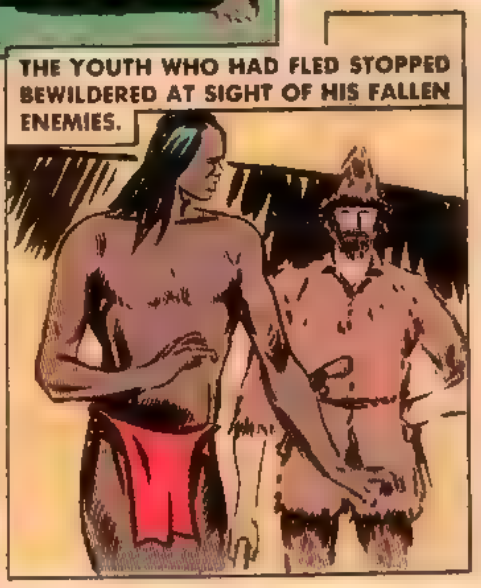
MY TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR ON THE ISLAND! . . . AND IN THIS YEAR THE CANNIBALS RETURNED — TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF MY LIFE . . . THERE!



I SAW THEM FIRST FROM THE HILL.
THEY LANDED—GATHERED WOOD AND LEAVES, AND BUILT A GREAT FIRE.
AROUND THE FIRE THEY DANCED WEIRDLY, AS IF IN PREPARATION FOR AN ORGY.
ABRUPTLY THE DANCING STOPPED. THREE SAVAGES WERE SENT BACK TO THE CANOES, WHERE . . .
VICTIMS FOR THEIR FEAST! . . . A GREAT POT WAS PLACED ON THE FIRE, AND . . .


WHILE THIS POOR WRETCH WAS BEING SLAUGHTERED, THE OTHER—A FINE-LOOKING YOUTH, APPARENTLY OF ANOTHER TRIBE STOOD ASIDE, TREMBLING . . .
. . . BUT, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF ONE UNGUARDED MOMENT, HE BROKE AWAY.
A CHASE BEGAN.
THE HUNTED YOUTH WAS HEADED MY WAY. ALL THAT SEPARATED US WAS A CREEK WHICH HE NEATLY SCALED.
BUT THE CREEK STOPPED HIS LESS NIMBLE PURSUERS.
THEY HAD TO WADE ACROSS THE STREAM, BUT WERE SOON AFTER HIM AGAIN. IT WAS THEN THAT I ACTED!

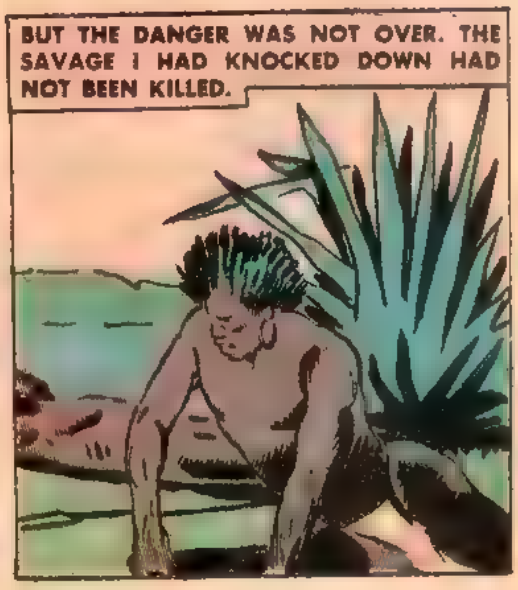

DASHING FROM BEHIND MY SHELTER . . .


THE YOUTH WHO HAD FLED STOPPED BEWILDERED AT SIGHT OF HIS FALLEN ENEMIES.

FINALLY HE UNDERSTOOD MY FRIENDLINESS, AND RUSHING TO ME HE KNELT AND KISSED THE GROUND . . .

THE SECOND ONE WAS ABOUT TO DRIVE HIS LANCE INTO ME, BUT . . .

THIS WAS EVIDENTLY A TOKEN GESTURE THAT HE WOULD BE MY SLAVE FOREVER.


BUT THE DANGER WAS NOT OVER. THE SAVAGE I HAD KNOCKED DOWN HAD NOT BEEN KILLED.

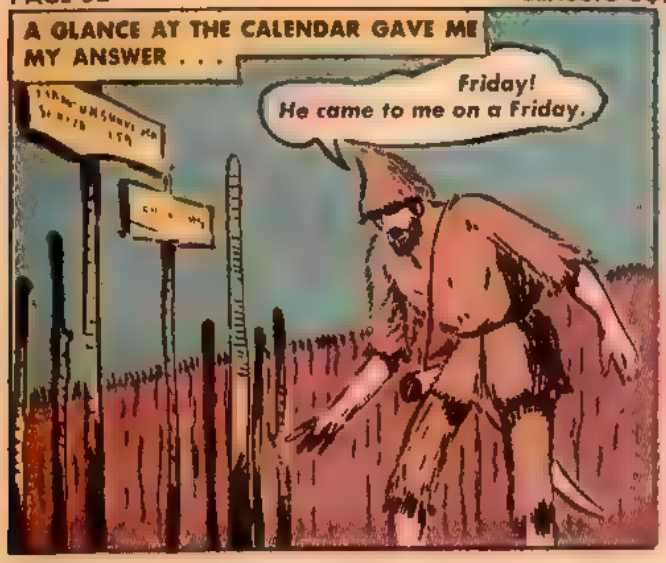
THE NEXT MOMENT . . .

AS I ROLLED OVER, MY RESCUED SAVAGE DEFTLY SNATCHED [illegible] MY SWORD . . .

. . . AND CUT OFF HIS HEAD! THEN WITHIN TEN MINUTES MY SAVAGE DUG A DEEP GRAVE FOR BOTH THE BODIES, AFTER WHICH I TOOK HIM TO MY TENT, WHERE HE HESITATINGLY TASTED SOME OF MY BREAD AND RAISINS.

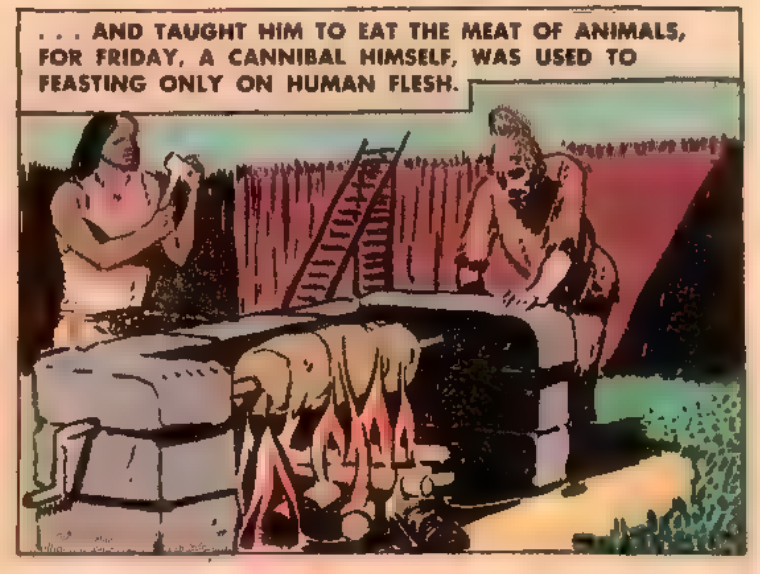
WHEN HE FINISHED, HE AGAIN SIGNIFIED HIS DEVOTION.

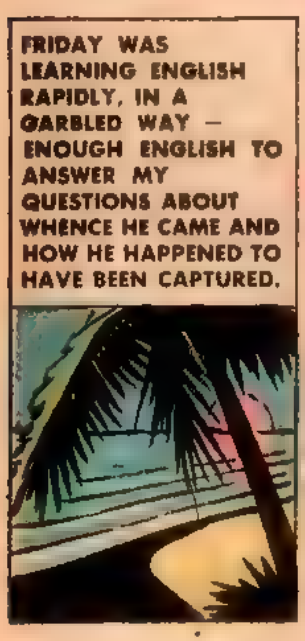
I HAD A FRIEND, THOUGH HE COULD NOT SPEAK A WORD TO ME. . . . I WOULD TEACH HIM MY LANGUAGE, BUT FIRST I MUST GIVE HIM A NAME . . . WHAT SHOULD I CALL MY NEW-FOUND COMPANION?


A GLANCE AT THE CALENDAR GAVE ME MY ANSWER . . .
Friday! He came to me on a Friday.

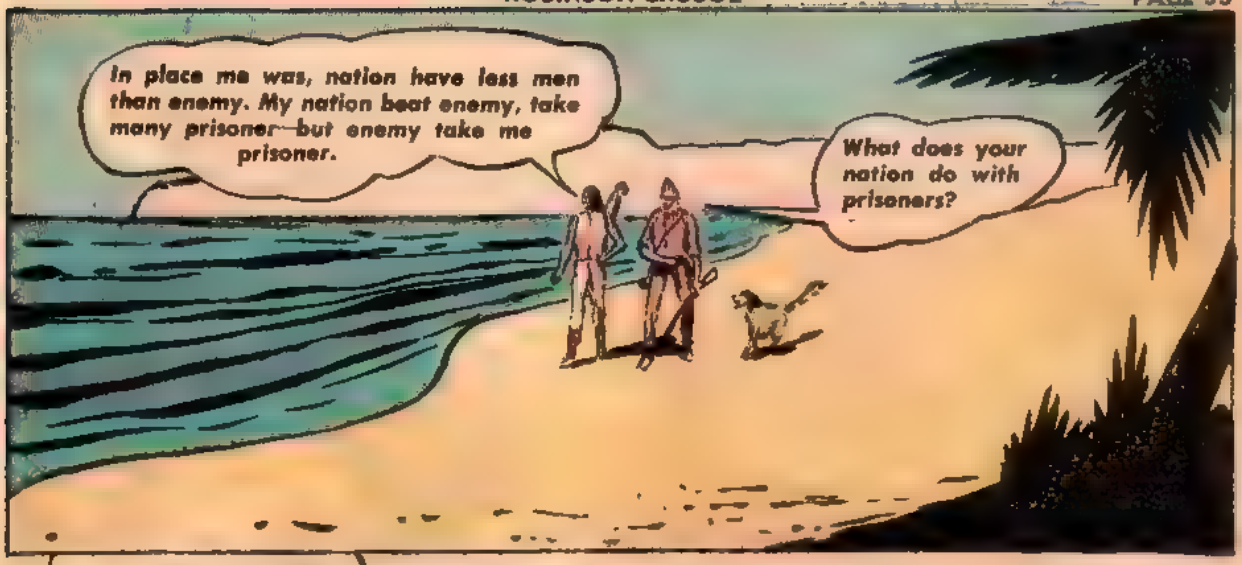
THAT WAS HIS NAME.
I—Friday.
I—Friday.

I MADE HIM CLOTHES . . .


. . . AND TAUGHT HIM TO EAT THE MEAT OF ANIMALS, FOR FRIDAY, A CANNIBAL HIMSELF, WAS USED TO FEASTING ONLY ON HUMAN FLESH.


FRIDAY WAS LEARNING ENGLISH RAPIDLY, IN A GARBLED WAY — ENOUGH ENGLISH TO ANSWER MY QUESTIONS ABOUT WHENCE HE CAME AND HOW HE HAPPENED TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

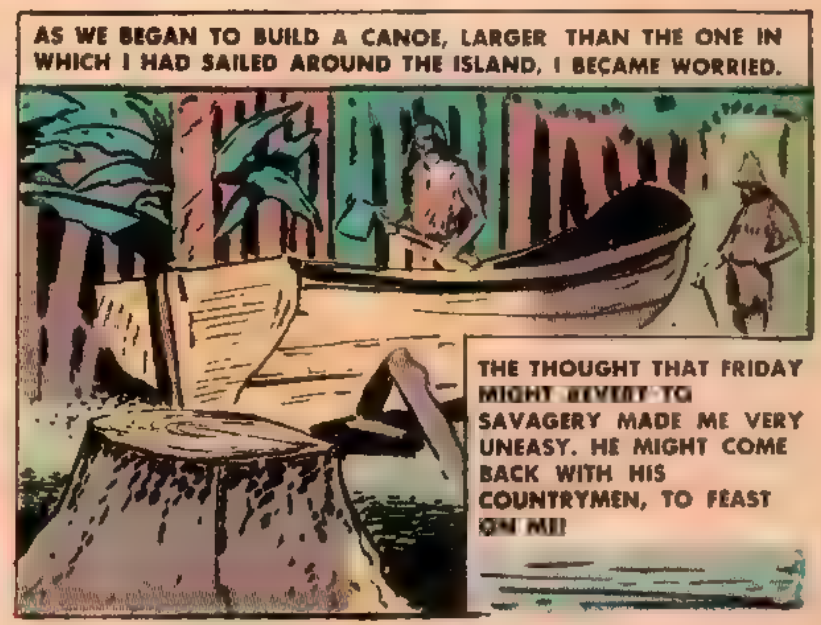
My nation out there — forty mile — My nation strong — beat enemy.
Then why were you taken prisoner?

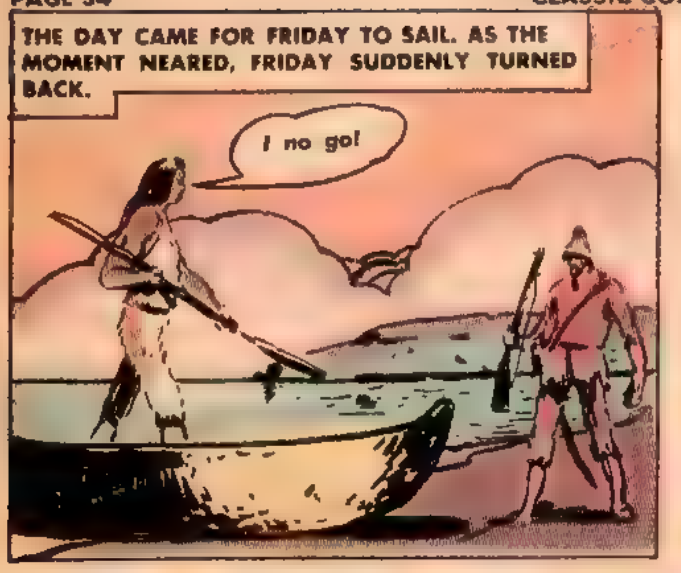

In place me was, nation have less men than enemy. My nation beat enemy, take many prisoner—but enemy take me prisoner.
What does your nation do with prisoners?

My nation eat them, eat all up.
AWWK
POOR ROBINSON!

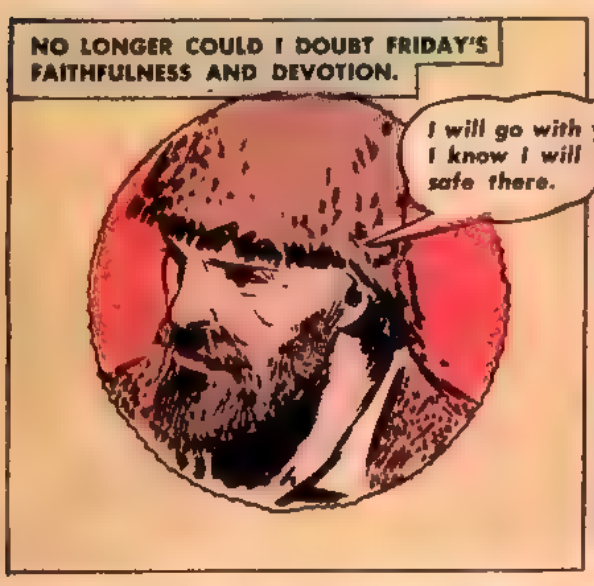
Except white mans. White mans come to us — shipwreck — live with us much time. We all friends.
White men among your people?

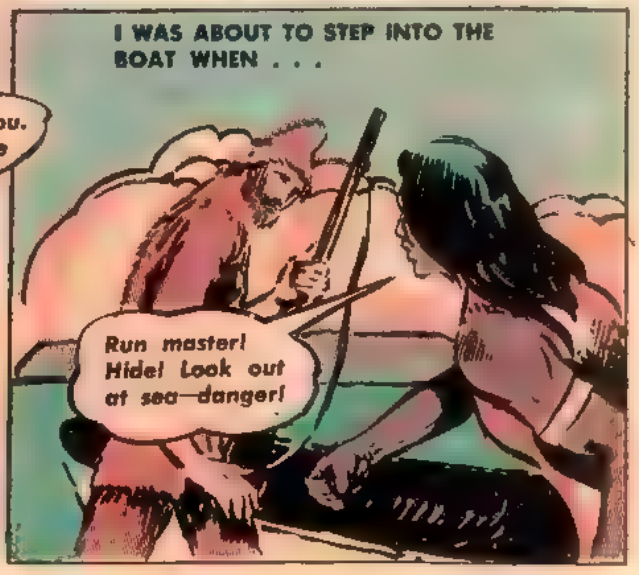
Friday, how would you like to go back to your nation and tell the white men I am here? Then they will come and rescue me.
I like.


AS WE BEGAN TO BUILD A CANOE, LARGER THAN THE ONE IN WHICH I HAD SAILED AROUND THE ISLAND, I BECAME WORRIED.
THE THOUGHT THAT FRIDAY MIGHT REVERT TO SAVAGERY MADE ME VERY UNEASY. HE MIGHT COME BACK WITH HIS COUNTRYMEN, TO FEAST ON ME!


THE DAY CAME FOR FRIDAY TO SAIL. AS THE MOMENT NEARED, FRIDAY SUDDENLY TURNED BACK.
I no go!

You my master. I go with you, or stay with you—not without you.


NO LONGER COULD I DOUBT FRIDAY'S FAITHFULNESS AND DEVOTION.
I will go with you. I know I will be safe there.


I WAS ABOUT TO STEP INTO THE BOAT WHEN . . .
Run master! Hide! Look out at sea—danger!

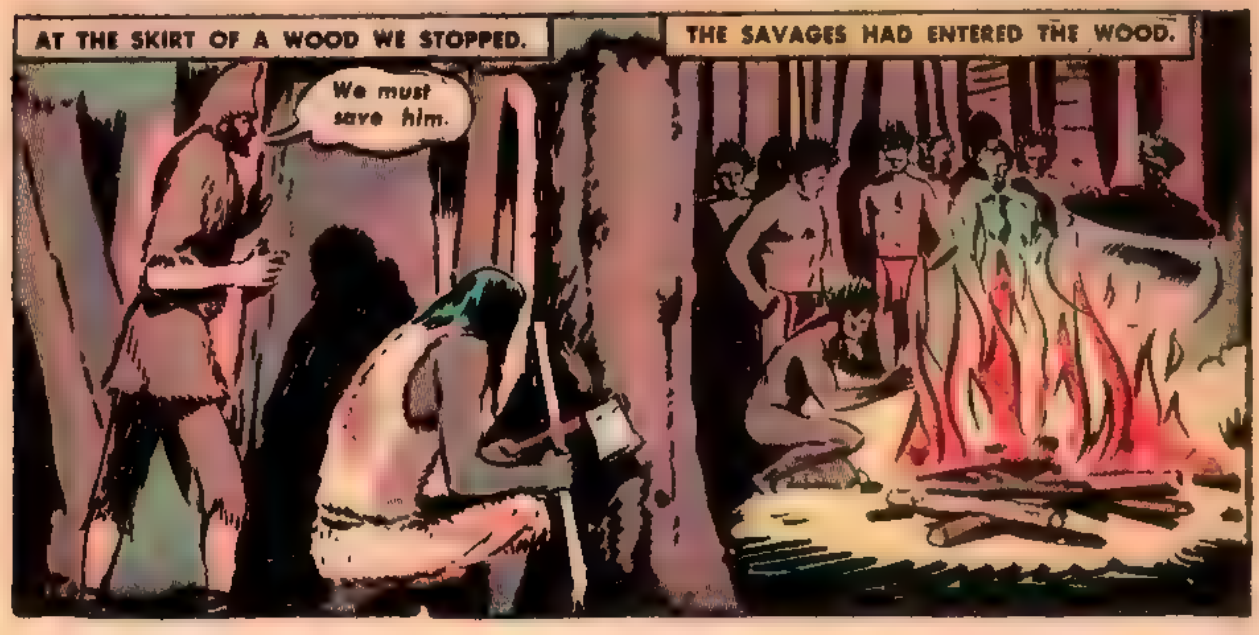
THE RETURN OF THE SAVAGES!

RUNNING TO MY TENT, I ARMED MYSELF AND FRIDAY.
You take these and do just as I tell you.

WE HID OURSELVES AT A POINT OVERLOOKING THE BEACH . . .
They enemy— Have new prisoner.

A NEW PRISONER . . . AND A TOTALLY UNEXPECTED ONE!—A WHITE MAN!

WE FOLLOWED CAUTIOUSLY . . .

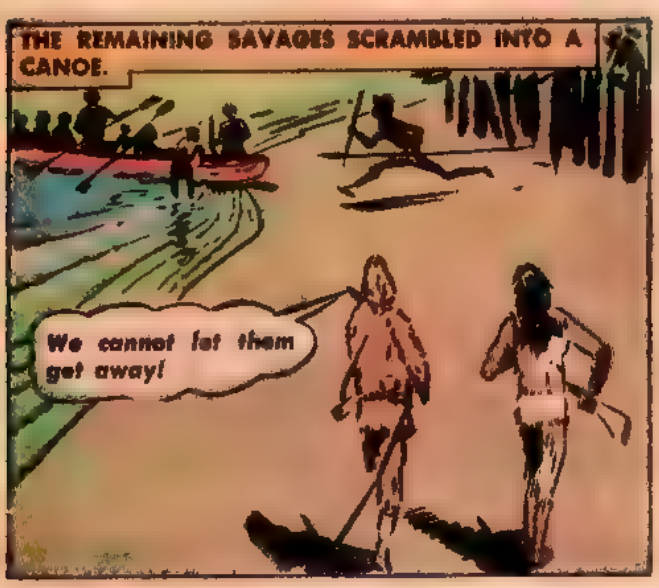

AT THE SKIRT OF A WOOD WE STOPPED.
We must save him.
THE SAVAGES HAD ENTERED THE WOOD.

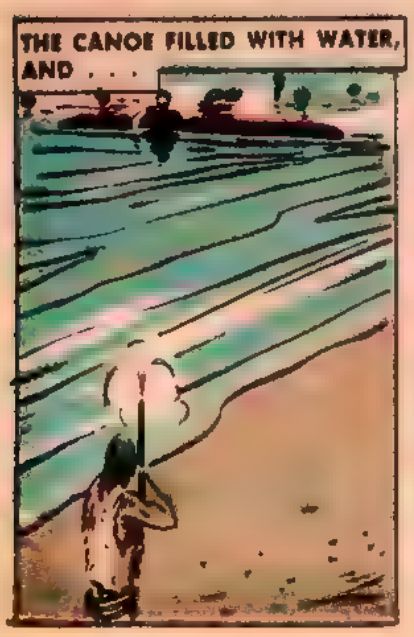
WE STOLE SWIFTLY FROM TREE TO TREE, UNTIL . . .
Now we have a closer range.
Aim at the savages, Friday. When I say "ready," you will fire with me.
I do.

KNIVES WERE POISED IN MID-AIR READY TO SLAY. THE CANNIBALS BROKE INTO A WILD TRIUMPHANT DANCE.
Suddenly
A CRY RANG OUT
"READY"

FRIDAY FOLLOWED MY EXAMPLE AND FIRED INTO THEIR MIDST.

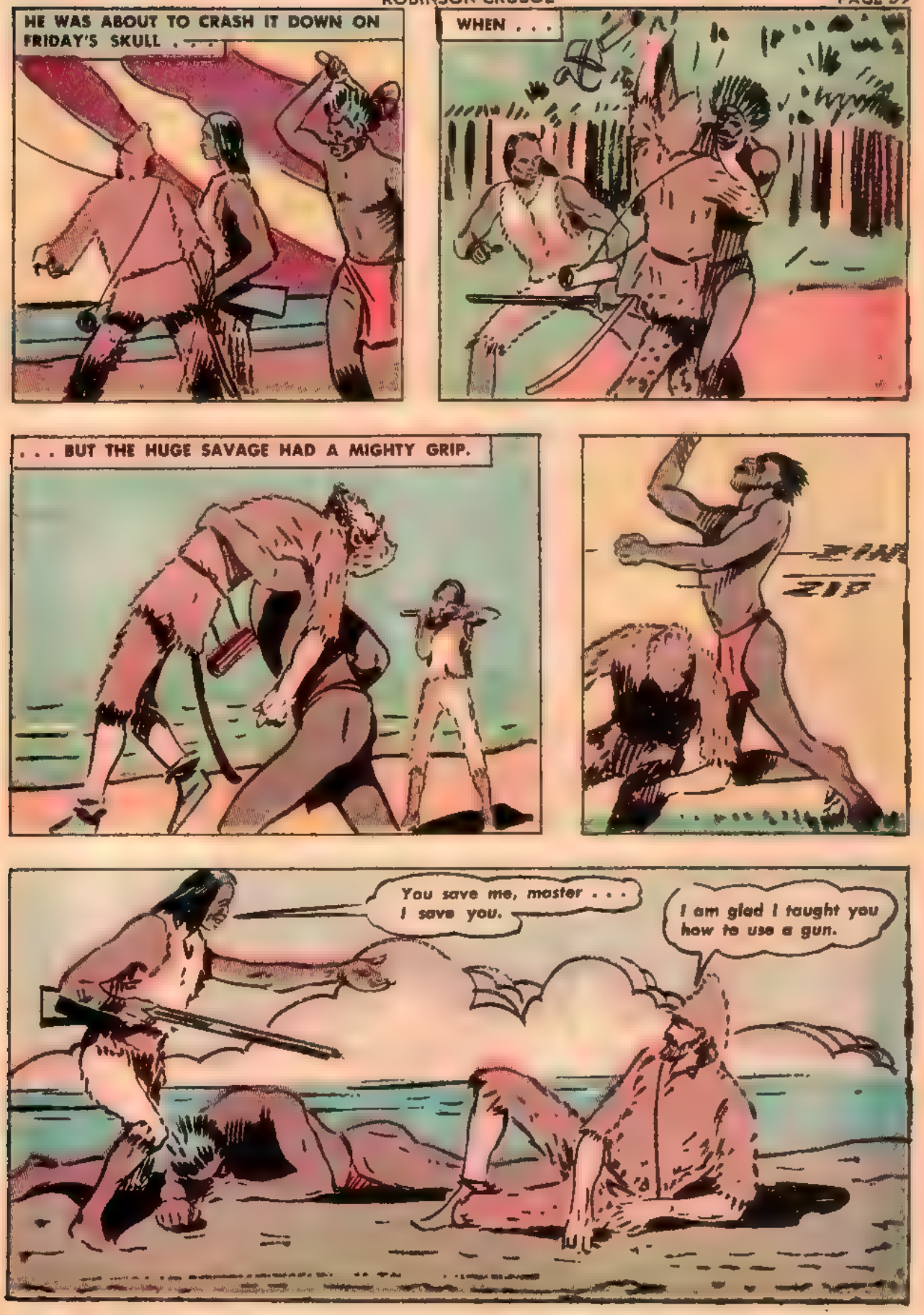
WE PURSUED THEM AS THEY FLED.

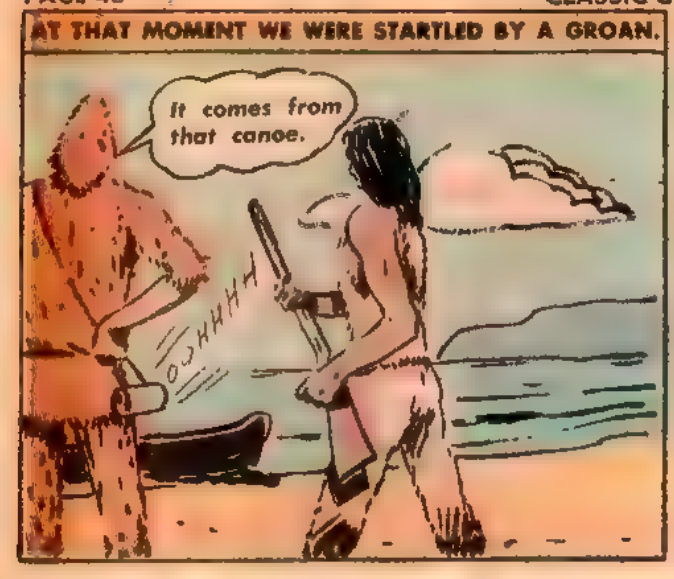

THE REMAINING SAVAGES SCRAMBLED INTO A CANOE.
We cannot let them get away!


THE CANOE FILLED WITH WATER, AND . . .

. . . NOT ONE SAVAGE CAME UP AGAIN.

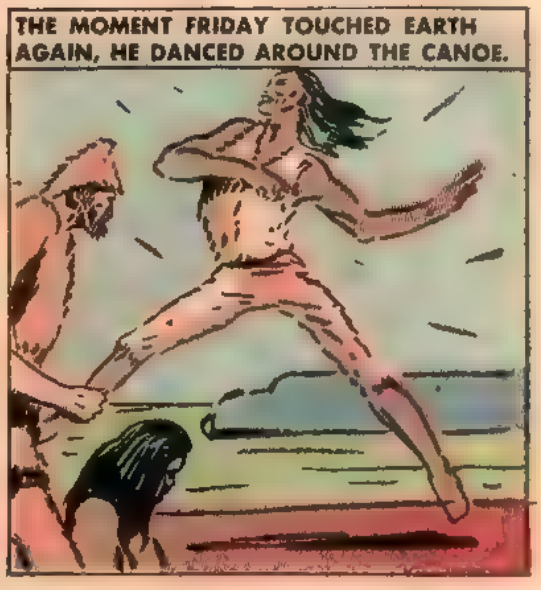
IF EITHER FRIDAY OR I HAD LOOKED BEHIND US AT THAT MOMENT, WE WOULD NOT HAVE FELT SO CONFIDENT

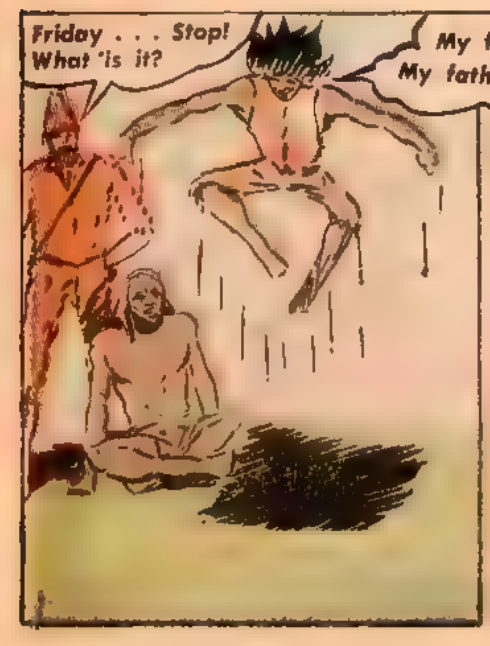

HE WAS ABOUT TO CRASH IT DOWN ON FRIDAY'S SKULL . . .
WHEN . . .
. . . BUT THE HUGE SAVAGE HAD A MIGHTY GRIP.
ZIP
You save me, master . . . I save you.
I am glad I taught you how to use a gun.

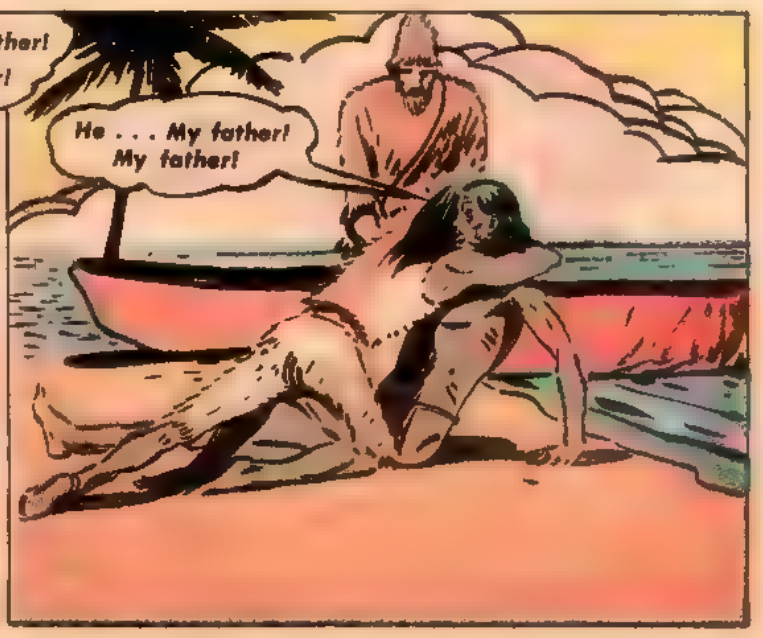

AT THAT MOMENT WE WERE STARTLED BY A GROAN.
It comes from that canoe.
OHHHH

Another prisoner!

AS WE TOOK HIM OUT, FRIDAY, SCREAMED AND LEAPED INTO THE AIR.
What is it?


THE MOMENT FRIDAY TOUCHED EARTH AGAIN, HE DANCED AROUND THE CANOE.

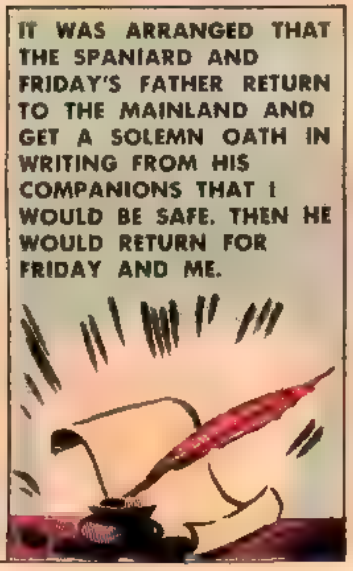

Friday . . . Stop! What 'is it?
My father! My father!


He . . . My father! My father!

Take care of your father. Ask him how he came to be prisoner. I am going back for the white man.
Thank you. I certainly would have been roast meat by now.
Those savages had me tied up tight . . . I can hardly walk.
You may rest in my tent . . . and then tell me all about it.
I am a Spaniard. I was on the way to Havana when I was shipwrecked and with a number of my mates, fell among savages. We became friends.
Friday has told me about the Spaniards living with his people. But how did you become a prisoner?
Hwaga Se Bedouinga Masa.
My father say he and white mans go far from my nation to hunt. Enemy find them . . . take them here to eat.
I never expected anyone to be living on this island. How long have you been here?

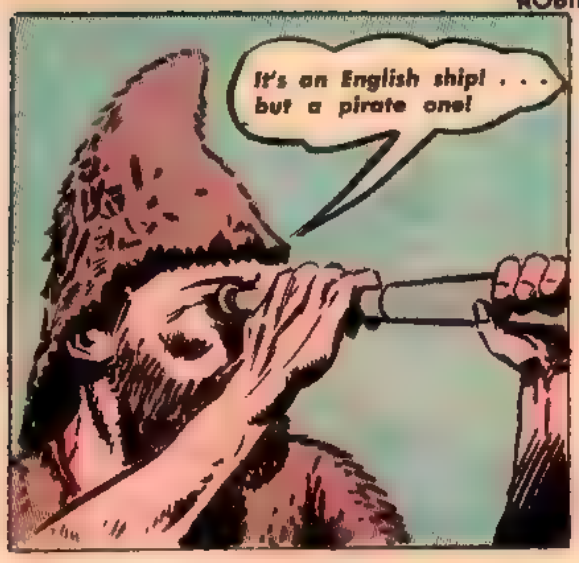
I TOLD HIM THE ENTIRE STORY OF MY ADVENTURES.
You have lived all those years alone here with no chance of escape?
Not until Friday came. I was about to go back with him to his country when you came.
It would do you no good. We cannot leave there. We do not have the tools to build a boat large enough for all of us.
I have tools and weapons . . . and with so many hands we can build the boat. But under one condition . . .

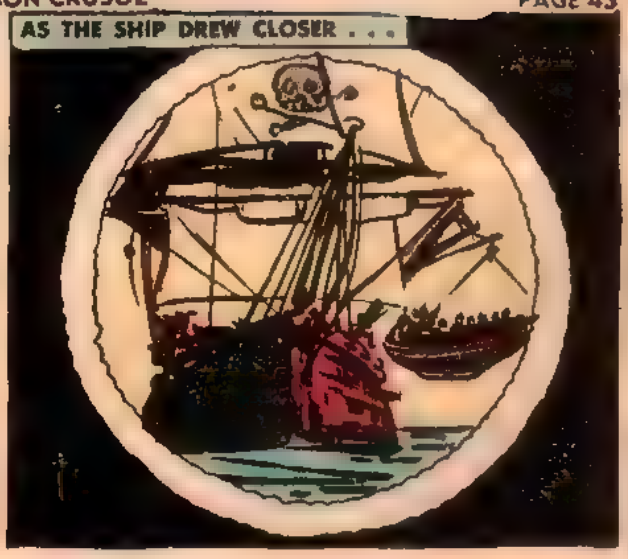
. . . that you do not make me a prisoner in Spain. I am an Englishman. Our countries are enemies.
I shall speak to my friends and get their guarantee.


IT WAS ARRANGED THAT THE SPANIARD AND FRIDAY'S FATHER RETURN TO THE MAINLAND AND GET A SOLEMN OATH IN WRITING FROM HIS COMPANIONS THAT I WOULD BE SAFE. THEN HE WOULD RETURN FOR FRIDAY AND ME.

Take this grain to them.
They will appreciate it. They have little food.

BUT . . . AS WE REACHED THE HILL, I STOPPED, ASTOUNDED . . .
Out there! A ship!


It's an English ship! . . . but a pirate one!

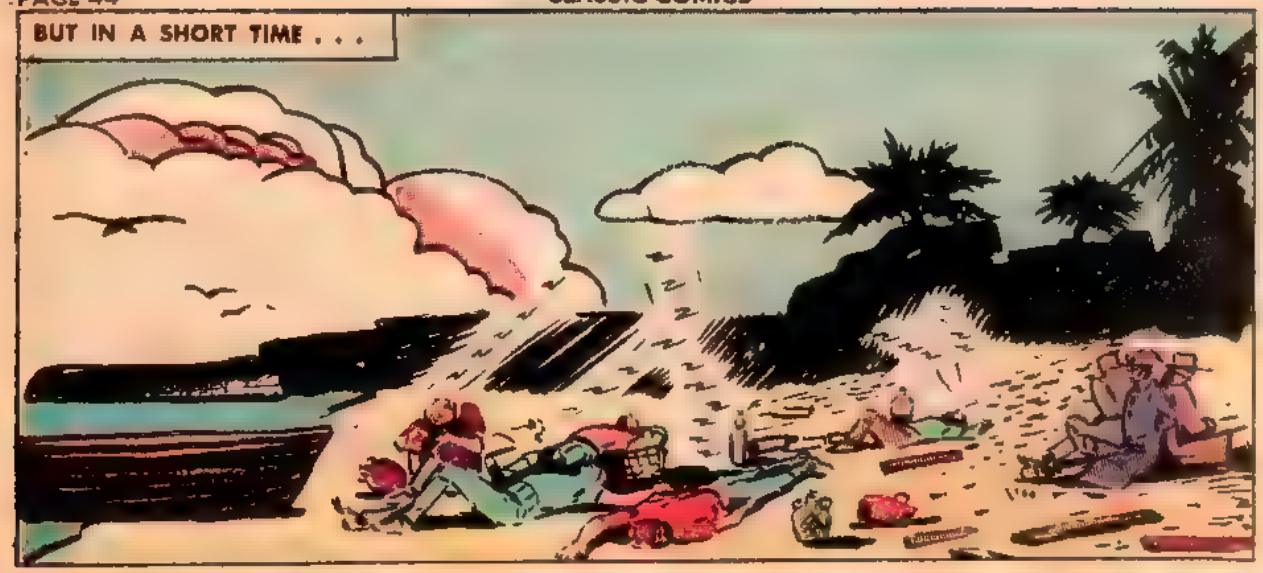

AS THE SHIP DREW CLOSER . . .

THE BOAT WAS HEADED FOR SHORE . . .

THEY, TOO, BROUGHT

See. White mans eat prisoner same as savage mans.
They do not eat them, though they may murder them.

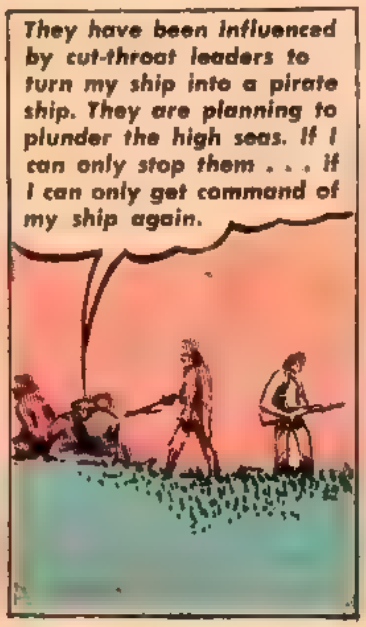
I SENT FRIDAY BACK TO THE TENT FOR FIREARMS WHILE WE CONTINUED TO WATCH.
Drink, lubbers! Then we will look about this island!


BUT IN A SHORT TIME . . .

FRIDAY BROUGHT THE ARMS, AND WE HEADED FOR THE BEACH.
There they are.

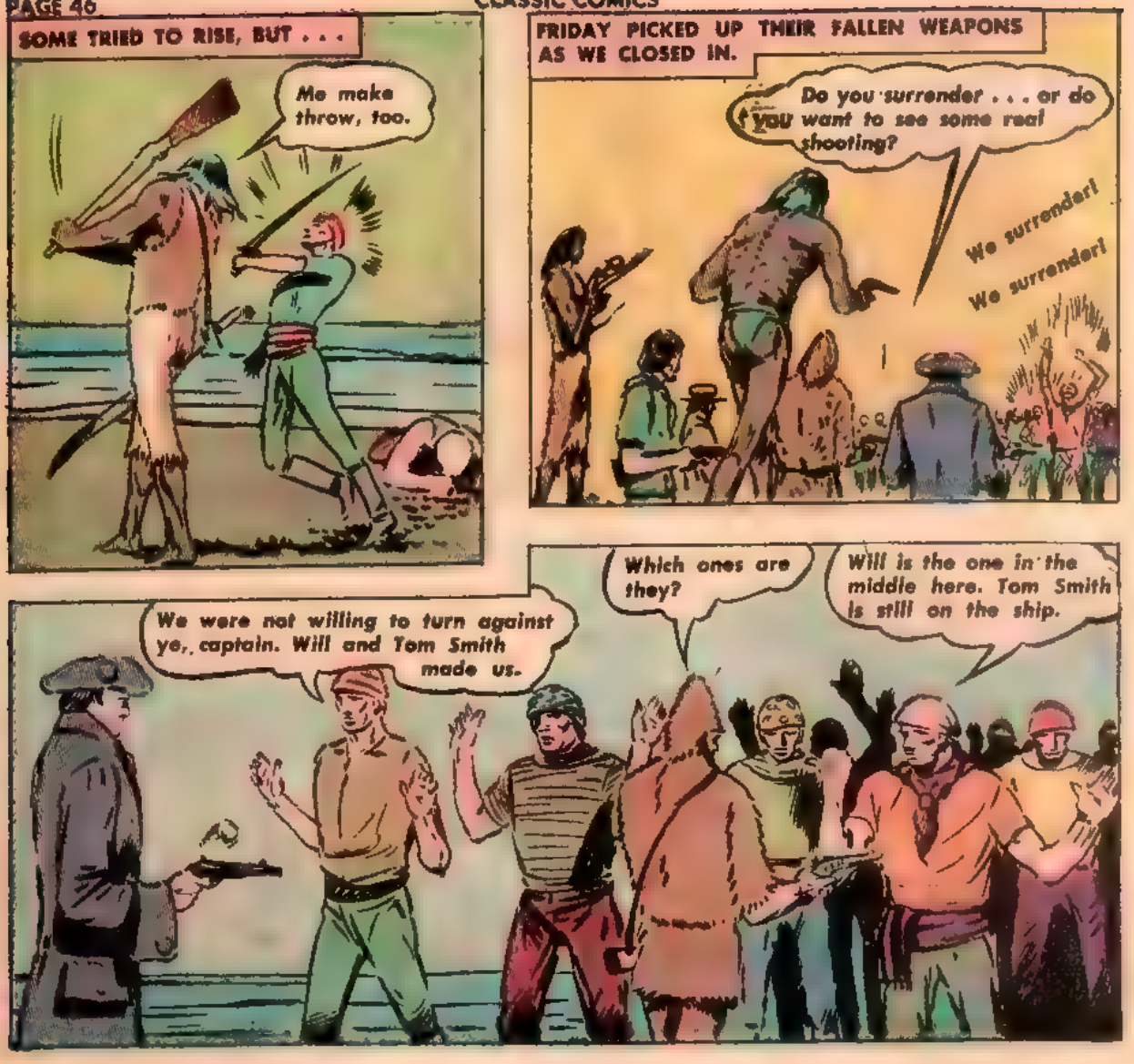
WE SURPRISED THE PRISONERS.
Who are you? Why are you bound up?

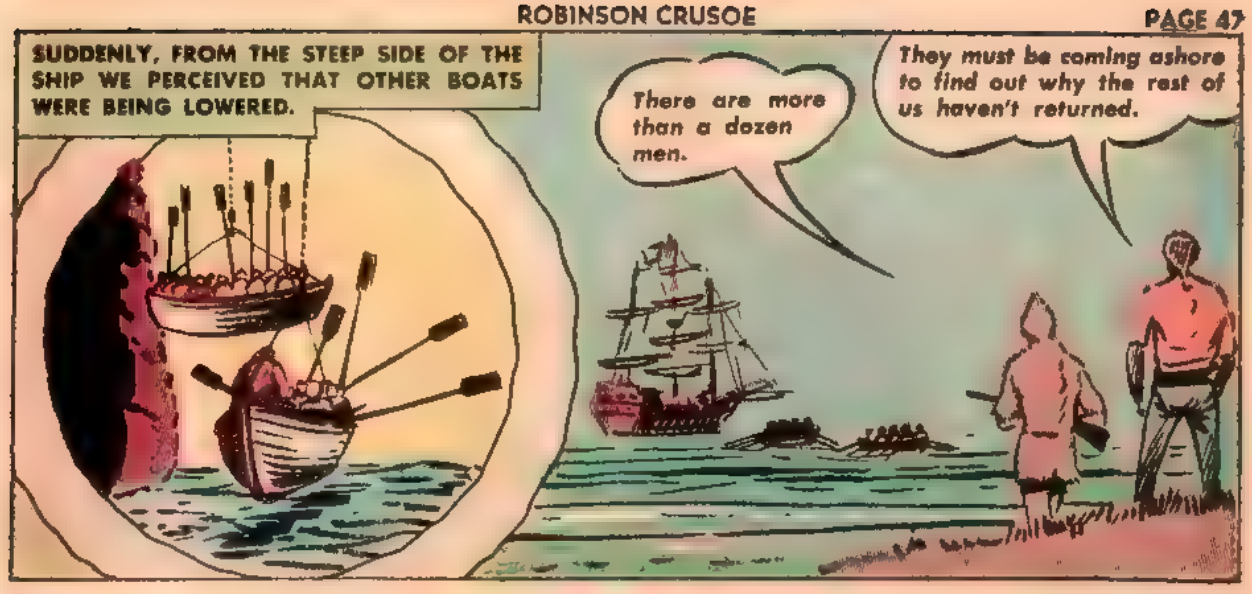
I was captain of the ship out there. My men have mutinied.


They have been influenced by cut-throat leaders to turn my ship into a pirate ship. They are planning to plunder the high seas. If I can only stop them . . . if I can only get command of my ship again.

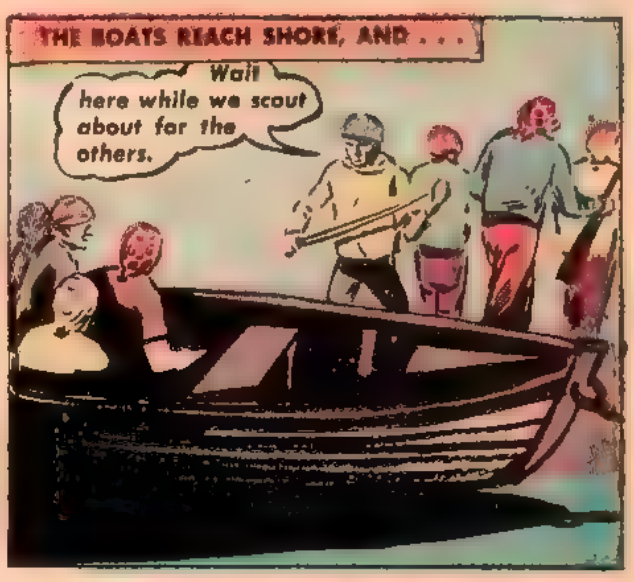
A pirate ship caused my trouble. They are a greater menace than a squall. We must prevent this one from setting forth.
But how?

We will take them by surprise while they sleep.
BUT AS WE PLANNED OUR ATTACK, A SEAMAN AWOKE.
The devil!
HE FIRED . . . A MOMENT TOO LATE!
Kill the lubbers!
BEFORE THEY COULD ATTACK . . .


SOME TRIED TO RISE, BUT . . .
Me make throw, too.
FRIDAY PICKED UP THEIR FALLEN WEAPONS AS WE CLOSED IN.
Do you surrender . . . or do you want to see some real shooting?
We surrender!
We surrender!
We were not willing to turn against ye, captain. Will and Tom Smith made us.
Which ones are they?
Will is the one in the middle here. Tom Smith is still on the ship.
I ORDERED WILL BOUND.
Will and Tom Smith are the desperadoes, and Smith is the more evil of the two.
Our next step is to recover the ship.
That is not so easy. There are forty-six on board . . . and Tom Smith has a strong hold over them. He will stop at nothing to keep control!


SUDDENLY, FROM THE STEEP SIDE OF THE SHIP WE PERCEIVED THAT OTHER BOATS WERE BEING LOWERED.
There are more than a dozen men.
They must be coming ashore to find out why the rest of us haven't returned.

When they go inland, we'll take their boats and row back to the ship. When we've recovered it, we'll come back and take these men prisoners.
A good plan.


THE BOATS REACH SHORE, AND . . .
Wait here while we scout about for the others.

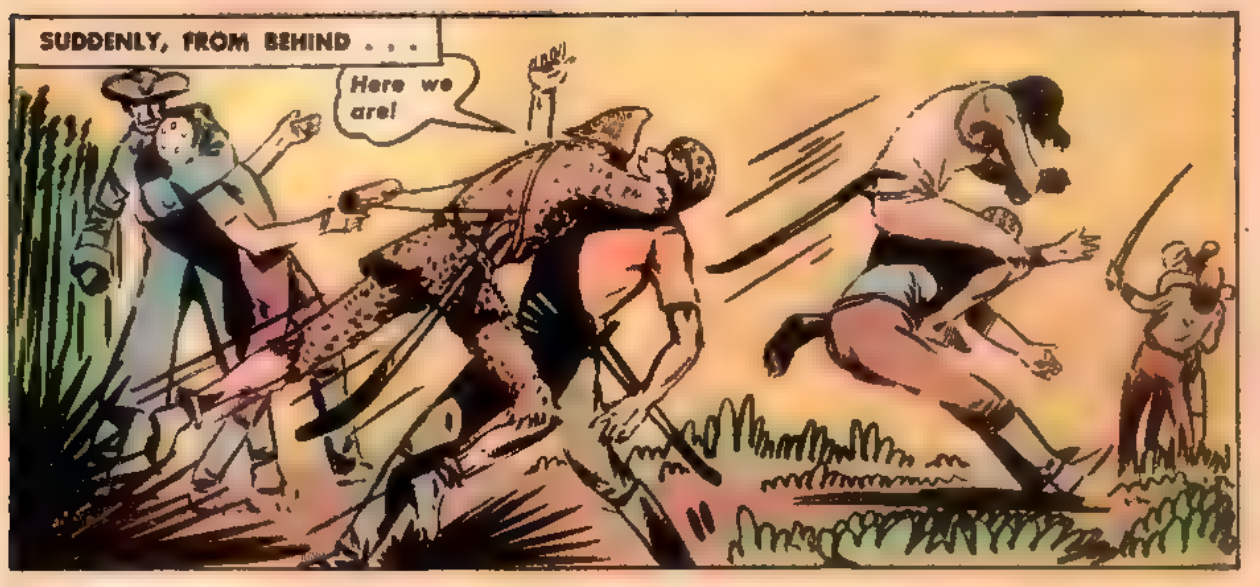
They are leaving those men behind. That changes everything! If they see us, they'll raise an outcry.

MEANWHILE . . .
No answer. Something's happened to them.
Let's look around more . . . They might be wandering around half drunk.

If we can lead them inland, nothing will be heard on shore.
Haloooo
Haloooo
Listen. They're calling to the others. We'll give them an answer.
Haloooo
Haloooo
There they are!
That's them!
They're on the other side.
BUT WHEN THE SEAMEN REACH THE OTHER SIDE . . .
I could have sworn their voices came from here.
Let's try again.
Haloooo
Haloooo
Haloooo
Haloooo
Haloooo
Haloooo

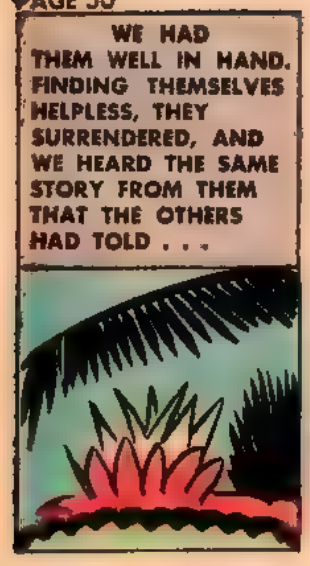
It comes from there!
Haloooo
Haloooo
Haloooo
Haloooo

BUT, AGAIN . . .
This is the place it came from.
Where could they be?


SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND . . .
Here we are!

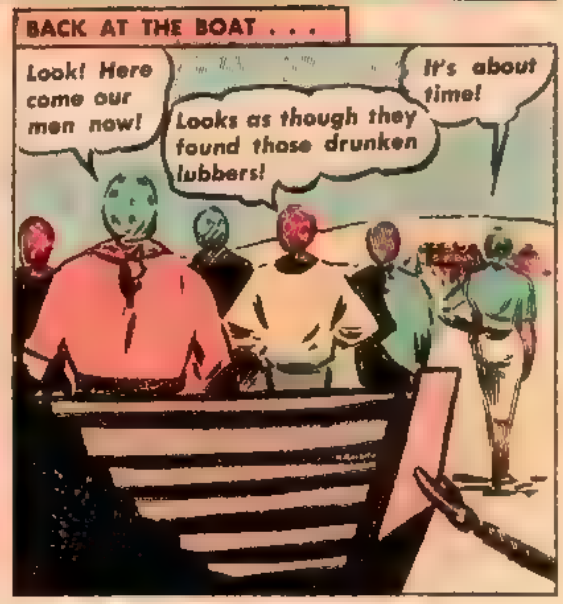
I'll take your gun!

Me too . . . gun!

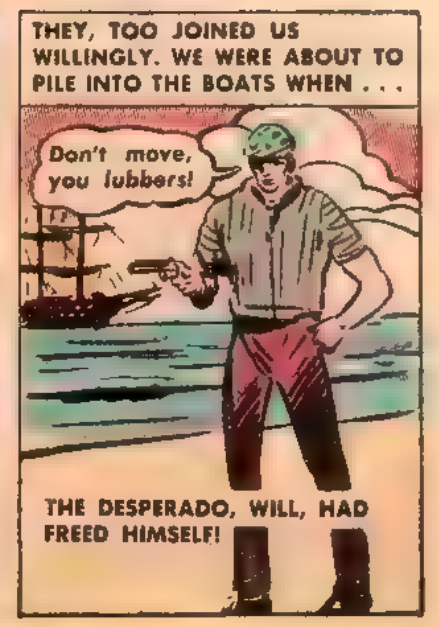

WE HAD THEM WELL IN HAND. FINDING THEMSELVES HELPLESS, THEY SURRENDERED, AND WE HEARD THE SAME STORY FROM THEM THAT THE OTHERS HAD TOLD . . .

Well?
We weren't any too 'appy about betrayin' our captain. Will and Tom Smith pumped it into us. We'll do anything you say now, captain.
Aye
Aye

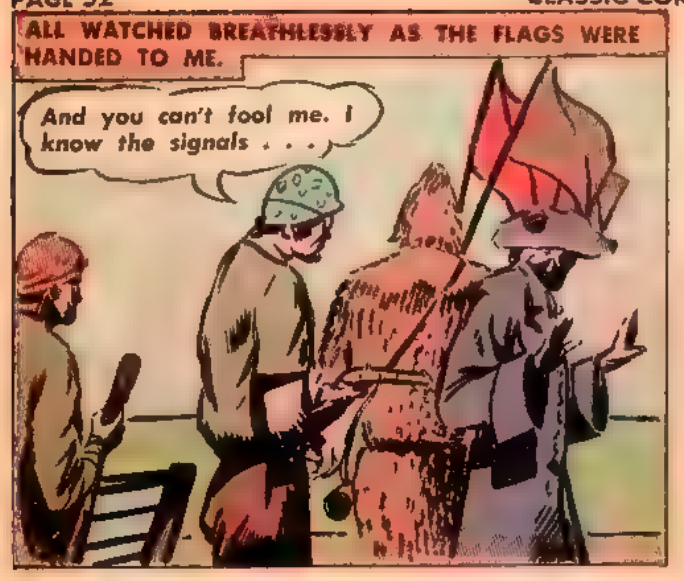
Now, Friday, to take our next step . . . We must recapture the ship.

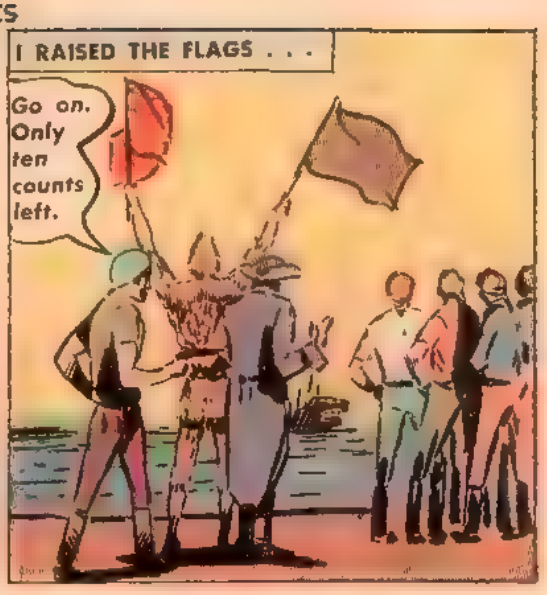

BACK AT THE BOAT . . .
Look! Here come our men now!
Looks as though they found those drunken lubbers!
It's about time!

It's useless for you to put up a fight. They're all with me.
The captain!


THEY, TOO JOINED US WILLINGLY. WE WERE ABOUT TO PILE INTO THE BOATS WHEN . . .
Don't move, you lubbers!
THE DESPERADO, WILL, HAD FREED HIMSELF!

I got a gun poked in the captain's back. Goin' to do what I say, you lubbers?
What do you want?
I'll never let you get that ship back . . . never! You'd send me back to England in irons . . . me and Tom Smith . . . Signal the ship that they're in danger and to sail away! The signal flags are in one of the boats.
Stop! Don't do it! I'd rather die!
I'll give you all a count of twenty to make up your blasted minds . . . or else!
We can't let the captain be murdered. Give me the flags

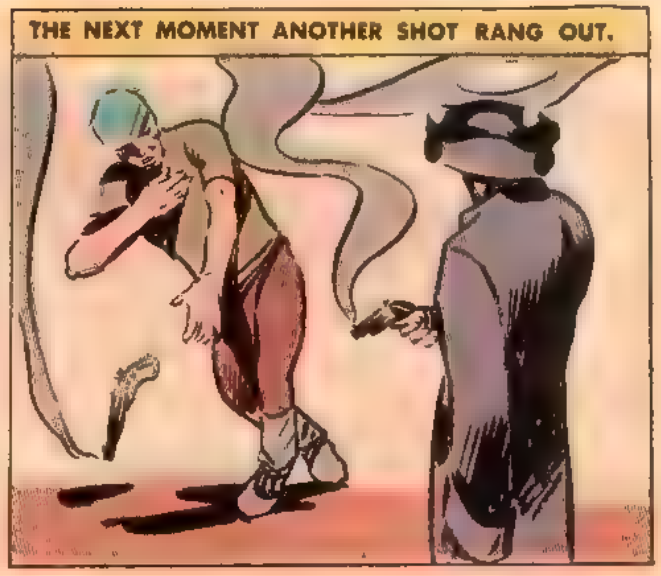

ALL WATCHED BREATHLESSLY AS THE FLAGS WERE HANDED TO ME.
And you can't fool me. I know the signals . . .


I RAISED THE FLAGS . . .
Go on. Only ten counts left.

. . . AND WITH A SWIFT STEP BACKWARDS . . .

Get him!
I got him!

BUT WILL'S FINGERS HAD GROPED FOR HIS GUN, AND . . .


THE NEXT MOMENT ANOTHER SHOT RANG OUT.

WILL WAS DEAD. LUCKILY, HOWEVER, THE SEAMAN HE HAD SHOT WAS WOUNDED ONLY SLIGHTLY. HIS SIDE HAD BEEN GRAZED. WE HELPED HIM INTO A BOAT . . . THEN PILED OURSELVES IN AFTER I HAD DONNED A SEAMAN'S SUIT.

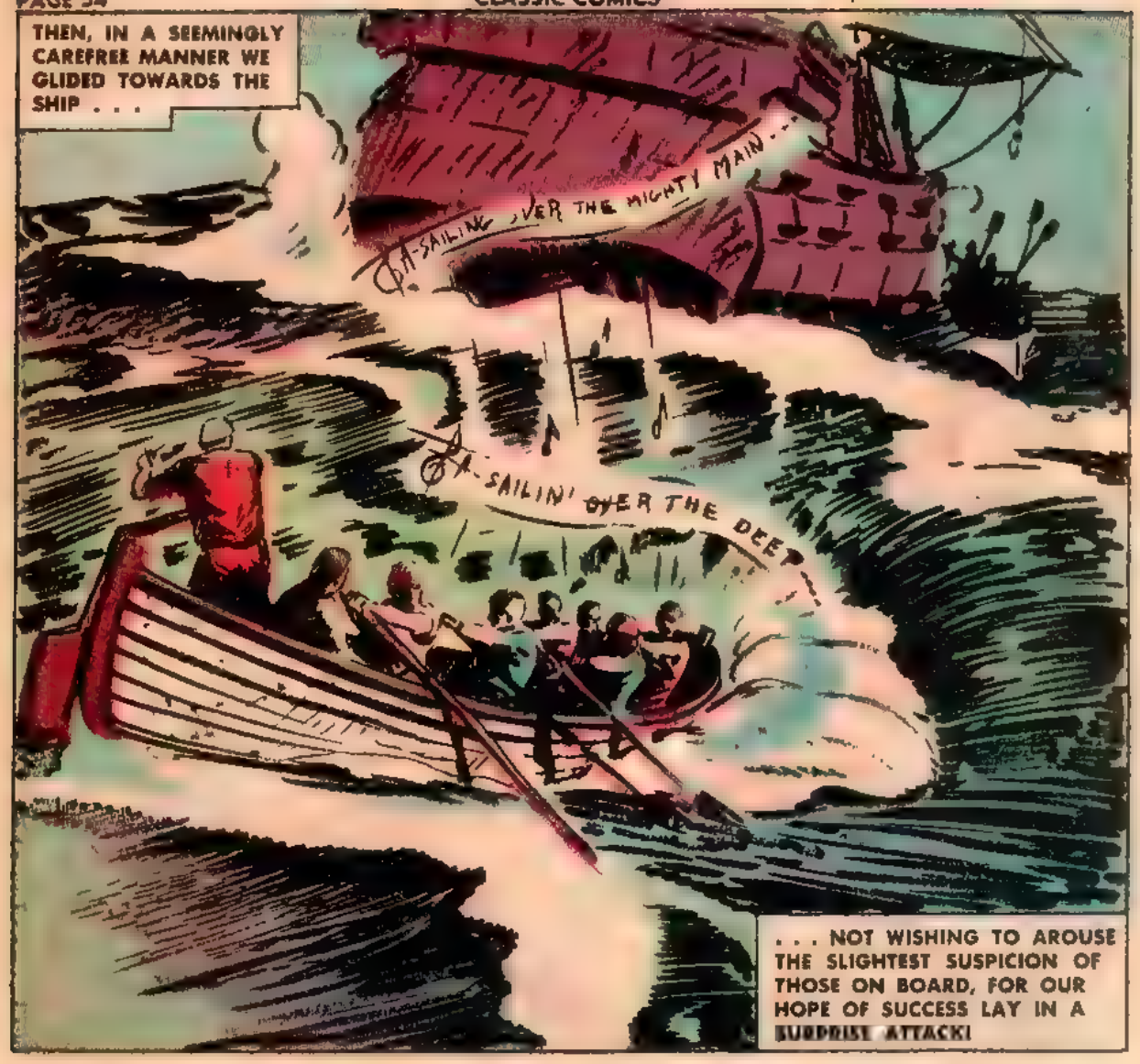
WE WERE ABOUT TO ROW FOR THE SHIP WHEN . . .

Laddie!

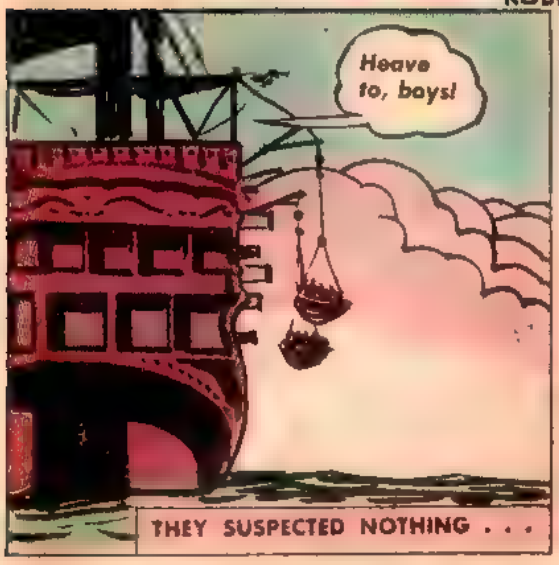
IN THE EXCITEMENT I HAD FORGOTTEN MY FAITHFUL DOG.

That's the boy!

WE PUSHED OFF INTO THE SURF . . .


THEN, IN A SEEMINGLY CAREFREE MANNER WE GLIDED TOWARDS THE SHIP . . .
SAILIN' OVER THE MIGHTY MAIN . . .
SAILIN' OVER THE DEEP
. . . NOT WISHING TO AROUSE THE SLIGHTEST SUSPICION OF THOSE ON BOARD, FOR OUR HOPE OF SUCCESS LAY IN A SURPRISE ATTACK!

What took ye so long?
We had to find the other men. They roamed inland and got themselves lost!


Heave to, boys!
THEY SUSPECTED NOTHING . . .

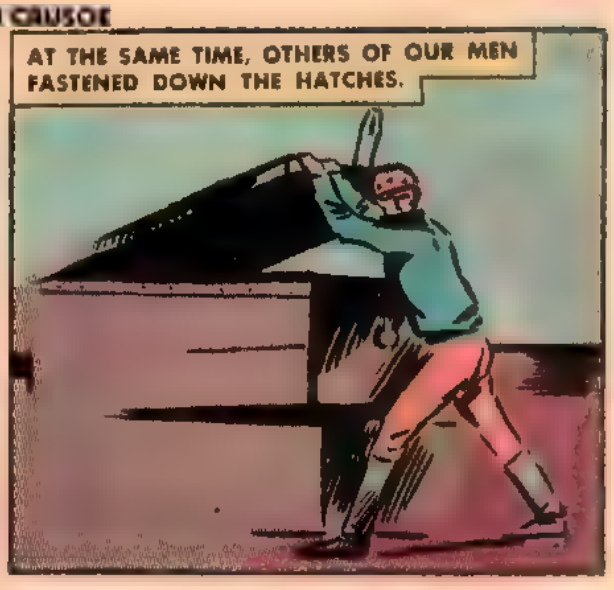
Where'd ye get the dog?
Found him . . . strayin' around. Blasted pup ain't bad lookin' . . . We'll keep him for a mascot.

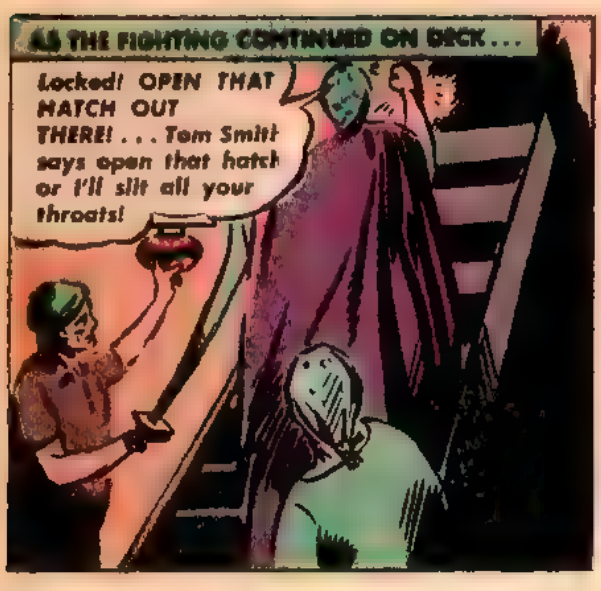
AND THEN . . . MY TURN CAME TO STEP OUT OF THE BOAT.
Hey! You! . . . Why do you keep your head down? . . . Let's have a good look at ye?

Who are you . . Never saw you before . . .
Savages! Where'd they come from?

Where's Will? . . . He's not here! . . . Somethin's goin' on!
Whatever it is, we'll put a stop to it!

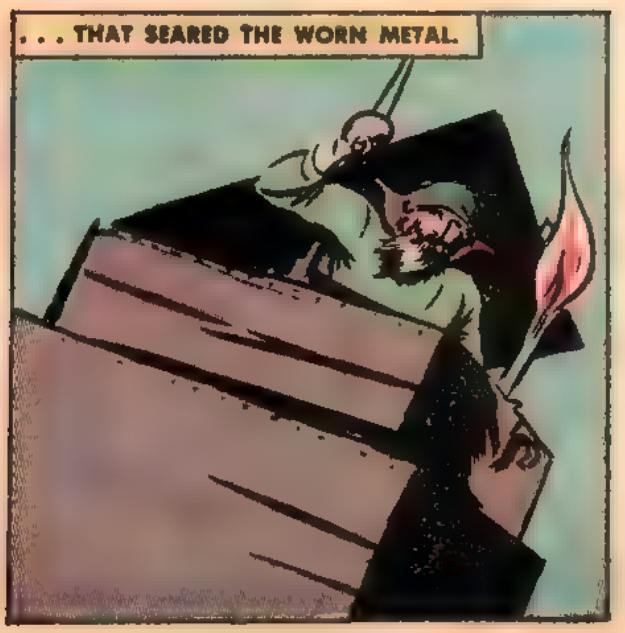
Will ye now?


AT THE SAME TIME, OTHERS OF OUR MEN FASTENED DOWN THE HATCHES.


AS THE FIGHTING CONTINUED ON DECK . . .
Locked! OPEN THAT HATCH OUT THERE! . . . Tom Smith says open that hatch or I'll slit all your throats!

Sooo-oo ALL the hatches are locked! . . . That don't stop Tom Smith from getting out!

QUICKLY, HE LIT A TORCH . . .


. . . THAT SEARED THE WORN METAL.

IN THE MEANTIME, OUR SURPRISE ATTACK HAD SUCCEEDED.

We never wanted the mutiny, either, captain. From now on, we take orders only from you, sir.

Aye! Aye! Aye!

JUST THEN . . .

Cowards! Scoundrels!

Turned against me, eh? . . . I'll show you vermin! This bag's full o' blasting powder. One touch of the torch to it . . . and this ship will blow up! And I ain't afraid to blow it up with all of us on board . . . unless you do what I say!

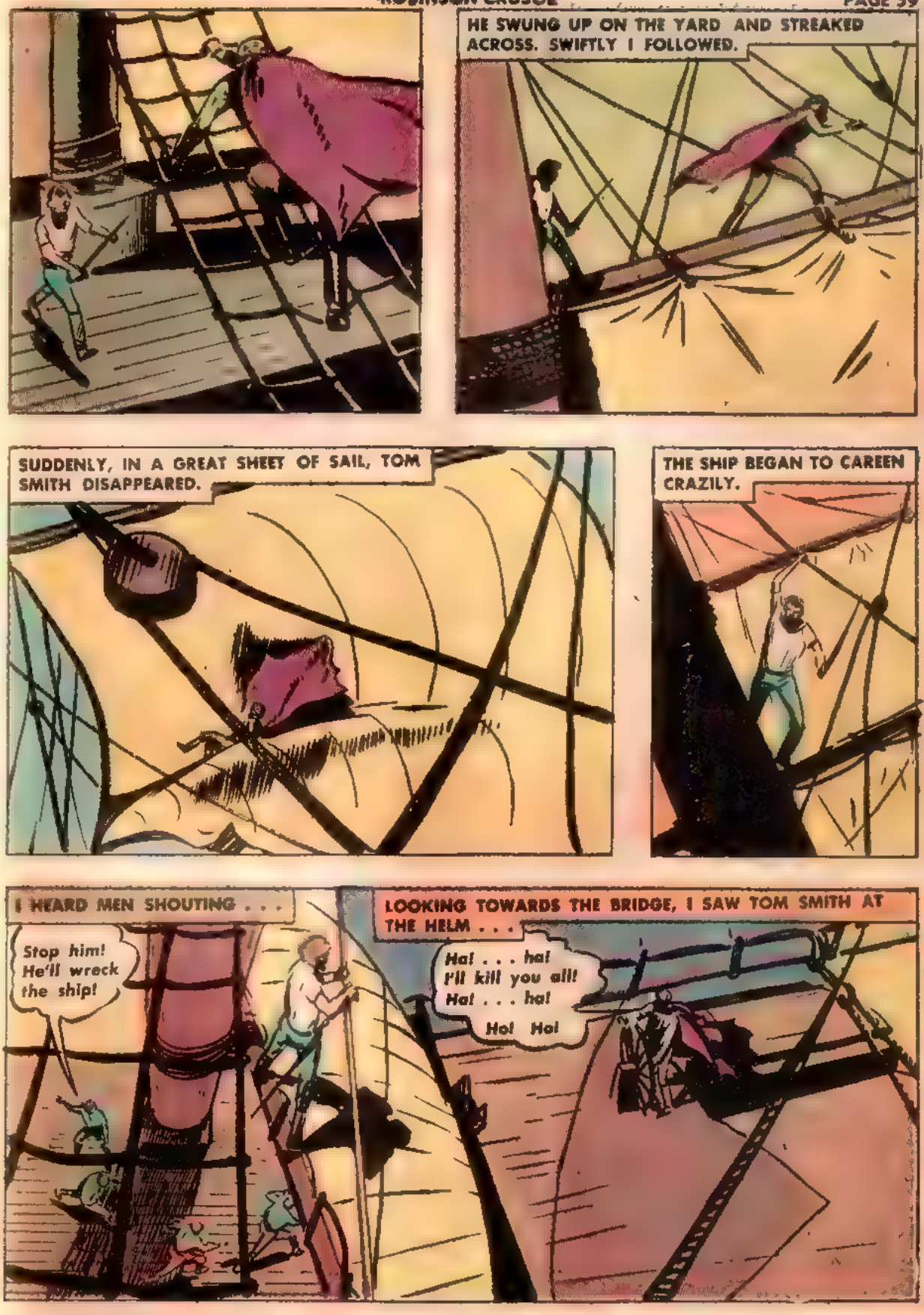
Ye'll either give in . . . and be put in irons as my prisoners . . . or this ship blows up!

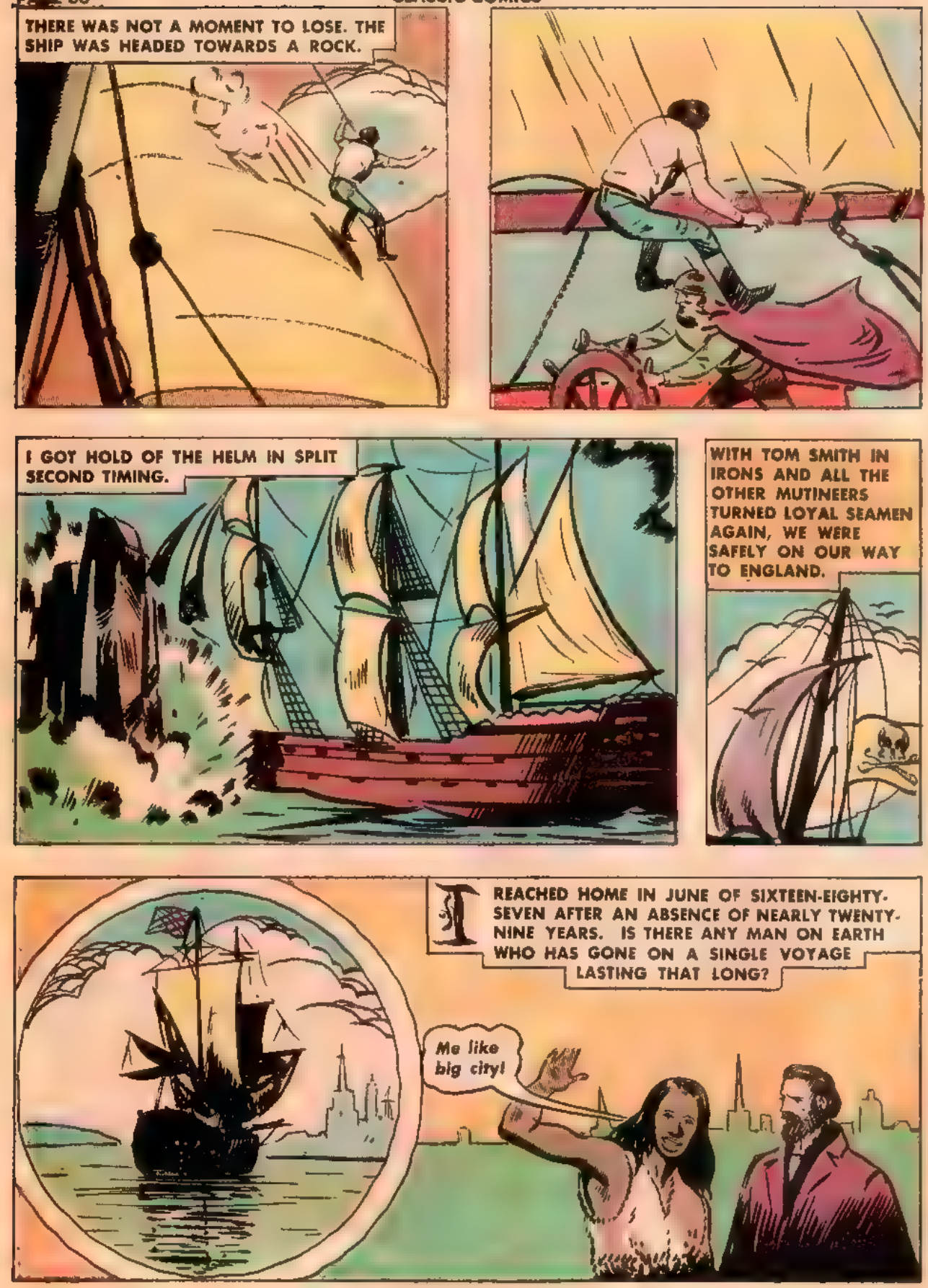
WE KNEW TOM SMITH MEANT EVERY WORD HE SAID. LIKE THE LATE REBEL, WILL, HE WOULD RATHER DIE THAN YIELD AND BE BROUGHT BACK TO ENGLAND IN IRONS.

WE LOOKED TO OUR CAPTAIN FOR HIS DECISION. AGAIN, HE THOUGHT ONLY OF PRESERVING THE LIVES OF HIS MEN.

Tom Smith, we are your prisoners.

TOM SMITH HELD THE TORCH AND POWDER AS HIS MEN BEGAN TO CHAIN US . . .
Men! He's bluffing! That isn't blasting powder in the sack.
I DELIBERATELY HAD EDGED TOWARDS A SPOT ON DECK THAT I HAD NOTICED.
That bag there has the blasting powder.
What bag . . . where?
WITH THEIR ATTENTION DIVERTED I HASTILY PICKED UP A BUCKET OF WATER BESIDE ME, AND . . .
Wet blasting powder doesn't blast!
THE MOMENT I HAD DRENCHED THE POWDER SACK . . .
Bip!
Bop!
OUR OPPONENTS, WELL OUTNUMBERED, WERE EASILY OVERPOWERED. BUT . . .
. . . IN THE MELEE TOM SMITH BROKE AWAY.


HE SWUNG UP ON THE YARD AND STREAKED ACROSS. SWIFTLY I FOLLOWED.
SUDDENLY, IN A GREAT SHEET OF SAIL, TOM SMITH DISAPPEARED.
THE SHIP BEGAN TO CAREEN CRAZILY.
I HEARD MEN SHOUTING . . .
Stop him! He'll wreck the ship!
LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE, I SAW TOM SMITH AT THE HELM . . .
Ha! . . . ha! I'll kill you all! Ha! . . . ha!
Ho! Ho!


THERE WAS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE. THE SHIP WAS HEADED TOWARDS A ROCK.
I GOT HOLD OF THE HELM IN SPLIT SECOND TIMING.
WITH TOM SMITH IN IRONS AND ALL THE OTHER MUTINEERS TURNED LOYAL SEAMEN AGAIN, WE WERE SAFELY ON OUR WAY TO ENGLAND.
I REACHED HOME IN JUNE OF SIXTEEN-EIGHTY-SEVEN AFTER AN ABSENCE OF NEARLY TWENTY-NINE YEARS. IS THERE ANY MAN ON EARTH WHO HAS GONE ON A SINGLE VOYAGE LASTING THAT LONG?
Me like big city!

DANIEL DEFOE

In the early 18th century, the pillory was still a popular instrument of torture in England. On this day it held as its victim a man who gathered about him a great crowd of sympathizers. The prisoner, a thin, middle-sized man about 40, with sharp grey eyes and hooked nose, was the noteworthy author, Daniel Defoe.

Defoe's "crime" had been his writing of a pamphlet that satirized the Church of England for its attacks on Dissenters. In his pamphlet "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," he pretended that he was on the side of the Tory Government and recommended ridiculously severe punishments for the Dissenters. He was immediately seized by the Tories, sentenced to 30 days in the pillory, and an indefinite term in prison.

But this did not stop the keen-minded Defoe. While in prison he began a newspaper, "The Review," which expressed more of his political ideas, and was a forerunner of newspapers of today. For Defoe possessed one of the most fearless minds in the England of that bigoted time.

Not much is known of Defoe's early life. Born in 1661, the son of a butcher, he was educated for the ministry. However, he found the calling not to his liking and abandoned it to become a hosier, which trade also failed to excite him, for his temperament was not that of a merchant. Instead he dipped into politics and writing, which though it gave him no real monetary remuneration, was forging his reputation with incisive strokes. His first and instant recognition came in 1701, when he wrote a satirical poem, "The True-Born Englishman," defending the King, William of Orange. A year later he was arrested, but a few months after, was released through the influence of friends.

But despite his brilliant political writings, Defoe's imperishable fame lies in the true fiction stories he created. These were true histories that his facile imagination wrought into exciting adventures — yarns replete with pirates, thieves, and adventurers. The most famous of them, of course, was "Robinson Crusoe," which still ranks among the greatest adventure stories in all literature. Written in 1719, its idea-germ was founded on the true story of a sailor, Alexander Selkirk, who was shipwrecked on a lonely island for four and a half years and survived. One can well imagine the eager Defoe listening intently as the story of Selkirk's adventure spread. Out of this account Defoe's inventive mind whipped up the white foam of thrilling fiction. But underlying Robinson Crusoe is the basic character of an Englishman stranded on a desert island, yet wishing to live like an Englishman. Robinson's steadfastness, patience, and ingenuity in the face of difficulties emphasize that theme—and these qualities give to the book its authentic ring.

In 1722 Defoe published "Moll Flanders," as well as the morbidly moving "Journal of the Plague Year." . . . Two years later he produced "A Tour of the Whole Island of Great Britain" (in 3 volumes).

In 1731 Defoe died, leaving behind him an enviable literary reputation. His views on religion, politics, commerce, banking and the education of women evoked the rightful comment that he was "born before his time"—while his remarkable power of presenting his "fact fiction" gained for him literary immortality.

POEMS OF THE SEA

DOVER BEACH

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE sea is calm to-night.
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace nor help for pain;
And we are here as a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

"BREAK, BREAK, BREAK"

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To their haven, under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THREE fishers went sailing away to the West,
Away to the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

JOAN FERNANDEZ . . . DESERT EXPLORER

One of the first men on record to trek into a wilderness and live by his own devices was a young esquire called Joan Fernandez. Contrary to fiction, young Fernandez' adventure was deliberate. He wished to serve Prince Henry of Portugal, better known in history as Henry the Navigator—to whose court he was attached. Prince Henry had expressed a desire for the exploration of West African territory that would furnish him with information not only about the land but about the natives and their customs. Fernandez resolved to fulfill the Prince's request.

In 1445 Fernandez was put ashore on a barren strip of land on the Bay of Arguin in West Africa, with much foreboding on the part of his shipmates. "Don't go. . . . You will either perish of want, or be killed at the hands of natives," they warned. But the youthful adventurer was determined. "I will survive. . . . I know the native languages. . . . I'm not afraid. . . . Meet me on this shore in 7 months. . . . I will have a full report for Prince Henry."

When the ship disappeared over the horizon, Fernandez was already making his way across the desert coast. The sands were hot—more burning than he had imagined. His clothes did not make the going easier, for he wore the heavy velvet and broadcloth suit and high leather boots with sword, dagger, and pistol that was the habitual Portuguese attire of the men in service at the time. But Fernandez was ready to meet conditions. He cut his boots down into light shoes and turned his breeches into what we today would term shorts.

For two days he traveled without water. He found food, however. He shot deer, gazelles, partridges, hares and other animals and birds that crossed the desert.

Then he encountered his first people—a wandering Mohammedan tribe of Berber shepherds. They were friendly to the young man, but when he asked to accompany them on their travels, they refused. "There are dangerous tribes inland," they explained. "They will not be friendly to an unbeliever—and it will go hard with us, too." . . . But Fernandez convinced them that he would be able to deal with the natives. This time Fernandez put on the light desert garb of a Berber tribesman.

They penetrated the heart of the Sahara desert. For days they saw nothing but sand—hills and mountains of sand—and the occasional trees were of thorns or palms. In a sanctuary somewhere in the interior, the Berbers came to the end of their journey, but Fernandez insisted on pressing onward. He made friends among the natives wherever they went.

Now he had heard of an interesting tribe, partly Moorish, ruled by the potentate Ahude Meyman. He set out alone for Meyman's stronghold on camel. He learned that the natives found their way across the desert by observing the wind and flights of the birds —and this observation guided him safely to his destination.

Meyman proved to be a rich chieftain with a retinue of 150 men. The likeable young explorer made friends with him quickly and was invited to stay with him as long as he wished. Fernandez could not stay long. He intended to keep that rendezvous with his ship friends at the Bay of Arguin!

Fernandez noted the customs and habits of Meyman and his people. The high-ranking men possessed abundant gold, which they brought back from journeys to the Western Sudan. But despite their wealth, meat and bred were rare luxuries, obtained with difficulty. They subsisted mainly on milk of camels and the seeds of wild mountain herbs and roots. They were constantly at war with nearby tribes.

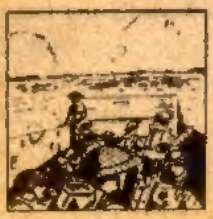
Armed with vivid accounts of his life in the desert, Fernandez began his trek back to the barren coast on which he was deposited.

It was 7 months to the day when his ship reached the appointed spot on the Bay of Arguin. The seamen never expected to see the intrepid Fernandez again. When they saw a figure in native African costume waving to them, they took it to be a Moor. But the figure called to them in Portuguese. They were astounded. "It's Fernandez!"

They all marvelled at the exploits of the young esquire, who had stepped from a life of luxury into the perils of the desert wastelands. But if it were not for such courageous explorers, there would still be too many unknown parts of the earth.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN

With Leg Shot Away—Mans Gun for 8 Hours



THE DIEPPE RAID, that had so much to do with foreshadowing the coming events of D-Day on the continent, added a glorious page of stark staicism and heroism of the Canadian contingent which chiefly made up this planned adventure.

The story of Pte. Harry Wichtacz, the 21-year-old Timmins, Ontario, boy, is but one of the many heroic figures that stands out like a clear cut cameo against a background of unmatched ferocity.

The winner of the Distinguished Conduct Medal, Pte. Harry Wichtacz continued fighting at Dieppe after his leg was shot away. But then, let's read Harry's own description of how he manned a Bren gun for eight hours on the embattled beach, his stump tied with a makeshift bandage.

"We had been training for a long time, half commando training and half straight infantry. That lasted over five months. Then on August 18th, we were taken on board a ship and when we were all on board, a general—don't know who he was—got up and gave us a little talk. He said, This is it, boys'—and we all cheered because we had been waiting a long time to get a crack at the Jerries.

"Each man was given his own job to do. I was to be part bombardier and part infantryman. My job was to blow up barbed wire, then go and look out for what was in front. When we were about three miles from the Dieppe shore line we were lowered into barges. We got about one quarter of a mile from the coast when the Germans opened fire. Casualties were heavy as we ran down the ramp of the landing barge.

"We rushed to a seawall. That didn't last long because we were ordered to blow up the barbed wire.

"For some reason the bangalore torpedo, made in sections especially for smashing barbed wire, came apart and my section leader and I were each left with six feet of it. That wasn't enough to do the job. The section leader went one way and I went the other. We left the barbed wire bombing up to a platoon coming up from behind.

"Just as we started to leave Pte. Webster pointed out a pill box and ordered me to 'Take it out!' I jumped over the seawall, in behind the pill box and yanked open one of the rear doors. Then I let fly with my half of the torpedo.

"I had about seven seconds to throw the torpedo and get to cover. As I ran away, I felt something hit me in the leg. I dropped and waited. My leg seemed to go numb as if it had been put down a cold hole. Then the feeling went out of it. I looked through the darkness and saw it hanging.

"We had been issued field dressings and bandages. I grabbed mine and then picked up a big rock. I took the rock and held it besides the main artery just above the knee and then tied a bandage around it. Then I took out my bayonet and twisted it tight, later sticking one end of the bayonet into my web belt to keep everything tight."

From behind the pill box which blew up with its 10 men, two machine guns and more than a dozen boxes of German hand grenades, Harry made his way to the Casino. He was joined by Sgt. George Hickson, also awarded the D.C.M., and who had been put in charge of the platoon when the officer in command was wounded in the legs.

Hickson got a bunch of men together and headed up the road for the town. Harry said, "I knew my leg was gone. I could do nothing about it, so I decided I might just as well fight. I asked for a Bren gun and peppered lead at a row of houses for 8 hours. Maybe I got the guy who got me.

"Sgt. Hickson and his platoon were away for eight hours. When they returned they brought a bunch of German prisoners with them. They picked me up and carried me to the barge."

He had to change boats three times when they were sunk by dive bombers. He made the rest of the trip to England in a motor launch. Now back home with his parents, Harry is learning to be a farmer; away from the unforgettable nightmarish hours of Dieppe.

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